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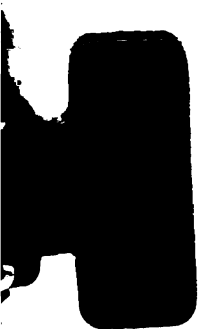
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M E M O I R

OF THE

EARLY LIFE OF

THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. H. MAULE.

EDITED BY EMMA LEATHLEY,

HIS NIECE.



LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1872.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR EDWARD RYAN.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,

It is now nearly twelve years since I sent to you the Memoir of my Uncle's early life, asking your opinion as to its publication.

You then told me to continue it to the end. This continuation, however, though full of interest to those who knew him well, is wholly inadequate to satisfy that portion of the public who have only known by reputation of the powers of his mind, and the charms of his conversation and his wit.

You have said many times, that it would be difficult to find any one person equal to do full justice to his varied powers. I need therefore make no apology for my own incapacity; I merely state this as a reason why the MS. has been laid aside.

Circumstances have, however, led to a revival of the subject, and I have ventured to ask your sanction to my original idea—to let the story of his early life go forth as a lesson to the young—a lesson, it is to be regretted, they often so much need—of the great influence children have over the happiness of their parents, and how in promoting that, they most surely promote also their own welfare. To this you have most graciously consented; and I therefore now dedicate these simple memorials and sketches to you, his early, his most beloved and valued friend; and, through you, to my youthful countrymen.

Believe me to remain,

Dear Sir Edward,

Your very much obliged

EMMA LEATHLEY.

Datchet, Feb. 13, 1872.

MEMOIR OF THE EARLY LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. H. MAULE.

PART I.

WILLIAM HENRY MAULE was the second son of Mr. Henry Maule, of Edmonton, whose father, the Rev. George Maule, Rector of Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire, was son of John Maule, of Ecton, in the same county, where he had a very good estate. The Rev. G. Maule died in 1773, leaving a widow and seven children. Henry Maule was then a lad at Eton, and the piece of land allotted to him by his father's will hardly sufficed for more than to finish his education and start him in the world.

He chose the medical profession, and after

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much consideration, settled at Edmonton to commence practice; but before doing so, he married Hannah, one of three much-admired sisters, daughters of Mr. Rawson, of the elder line of the Yorkshire Rawsons. Mr. Miller, the son of one of the other sisters, used to say, with characteristic Scotch pride, that the viscountcy of Clantarfé had belonged to a branch of the family in the 16th Century.

There are few now living who can remember Mrs. Maule, but all agree in speaking of her as a very superior and charming woman. Superior, from her natural qualities, and charming with the charms of nature, which had somewhat resisted the restraints of cultivation; so that she did not possess the accomplishments of her elder sisters. As a child, she delighted in nature, and to run wild in the woods, and could not endure the discipline of regular instruction—so her education was very much what she gave herself; but being fond of reading, and having an excellent memory, it was probably the best for her. Her son used

to say he had never met with a woman to equal her.

She was particularly agreeable and lively in conversation, very ready at quotation, and took a most lively interest in the politics of the day. Her love of nature remained with her to the last; and in the midst of her greatest anxieties, a walk in the fields always restored her spirits and relieved her cares, as she herself cheered and supported her husband: for, though his grandchildren only remember him as a delightful old man, full of mirth and joyousness, entering with lively interest into their studies, and writing verses for their amusement, yet while the cares of life were pressing on him, he was of an extremely anxious temperament, and took a very depressing view of his prospects—far more so, indeed, than he was justified in doing. His eldest brother was much looked up to in the family; and being eight years older, had finished his college career before his father's death. He accepted the living of Greenford from his college, and in addition to the duties

of his parish, undertook the charge of a few pupils. Upon vacating his fellowship he had expected to be married very shortly, but an unfortunate circumstance having terminated his engagement, he requested his eldest sister, Miss Maule, afterwards Mrs. Thompson, to take care of his house. Some difficulty arose about this in consequence of his sister having adopted a niece. Mr. Maule of Greenford objecting to making his house a home for a young girl while his boys were with him, wished to make an arrangement for her to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Maule, at Edmonton, while they, anxious to secure for one of their sons the superior instruction they knew their brother would impart, consented to receive the niece, on condition that Mr. Maule took one of their boys in exchange.

With this view, he saw both Henry and Frederick, and chose the elder, Henry, who appears to have gone to reside with his uncle in 1799, when he was eleven years old. Under him he was admirably grounded, and no doubt

was indebted to him for much of his after excellence in learning, and capacity for self-instruction; though, in some respects, the peculiarity of Mr. Maule's character probably exercised an influence not altogether advantageous on one naturally disposed to eccentricity. Some idea may be conveyed of the uncle by the following letter.

Rev. John Maule to his Brother.

You may send Henry or Frederick back, whichever you think proper. I think it right, considering Henry's age, that he should be taught arithmetic; by which I mean, the more abstruse and difficult parts of it, and to be made to be ready and quick with it: to this he should add French, and an accurate knowledge of it, which he can by your help soon attain. As for his Latin and Greek, and writing Latin and verses, he should be *made* to keep up that, and to improve in them. The Greek Testament, Farnaby, Æsop's Fables in Greek, and Poetæ Græci and

Lucian, will make a good Grecian of him. All these books he has, and his Greek Grammar should be read over, aloud, an hour each day. He is an extraordinarily quick and ready boy. I would wish him to be kept with you, and that you should employ him in your business, where he may be of use to you, if he does not follow it through life. For if he stays here a year more, he may be unfit for business, or above it—not that I think he has any folly of that sort about him. As to Frederick, he may be glad to be trained, or you, rather, to have him trained, as Henry has been, for a year or two.

If my boys continue with me, as I have reason to think they will a few years more, I shall get two or three thousand pounds together, which, if I don't marry—of which there is no chance—I shall give probably to Henry; or divide it, if I live longer to get more, between him and one other: for I have no idea of doing as Mrs. Keith did—to give ten legacies, and not get thanked, when, by

giving two, she might have done essential good. To all this you may say, I may die in ten days, or live thirty years. In the first case, nothing is to be got; in the latter, it will come so late that it will be of no use; that money laid out in placing boys in good situations, is giving to better purpose;—and all this is true. But that money, at present, I have not to give.

Should Henry pursue your life for a year or two, and attend to arithmetic, and a little mathematics, Euclid, &c., and have a taste for them—that is, be *made* to learn them,—it may be in my power (with yours and his mother's consent) to send him to the university, where he may get a fellowship, and be provided for for life: or he may come to assist me, and succeed to my employ in pupils, which, in any times but these, is a speedy and certain fortune. I therefore promise nothing, because I have nothing to promise; but whenever I have it in my power to do anything, if you think proper to accept it, I shall be ready

to do it. I therefore desire to be fully understood, that you are not to give up any views, or hopes, or expectations, on what I promise; for I promise nothing, having got nothing on which I can ground a promise: but I think it more than probable, that if my boys continue—and I have every reason to expect they will,—that I shall in that case, in five years or less, be worth two or three thousand pounds, or more. Because, after this year—that is, from April, 1802—I shall begin to get money for myself.*

As for George's daughter Eleanor, she must look to Sally; another to Mrs. Burnham, and the third to her own mother.

Whichever boy you send me, let him come with plenty of strong breeches and strong

* This expression may seem strange from one who, besides the advantage of having finished his education at his father's death, had had an eldest son's portion left him, and was also a fellow of his college; but the fact was, the over-indulgence of his mother in supplying him with money at college, unknown to his father, had fostered habits of extravagance, which had led to the contraction of debts that encumbered him for almost the rest of his life.

shoes. N.B.—Shoes made to buckle, as in 1760, last as long again as shoes that tie.

I send you a pig, a present to me. Killed Sunday morning. Sage, lettuce, hard eggs, and a boiled small face, once a pig's, now mine, and to-morrow yours.

Make my best compliments to Mrs. Maule, and remember me to Henry. All the boys send their love to him. At all events I would have him a year or two hence come to read some Greek plays with me. Say nothing to him of the subject of this letter, nor to Sally.

I spent the 8th of April very agreeably at Mr. Birkett's, but since reflect that I fear I disappointed them of an agreeable evening elsewhere. Tell Sally, G. Thomas is not yet sure of not being hanged. The king says he passed him over unwittingly, or he would certainly have been ordered for execution.

Adieu.

Yours sincerely,
(no signature.)

19th April, 1801.

The offer contained in this letter, of giving Frederick the training that Henry had already received, was not accepted—partly because it was thought better that that training should not be interrupted, and partly probably because Henry's high spirits appeared to make the discipline of school desirable for him, while Frederick's gentle and domestic nature well fitted him for home education.

The following is a letter from Henry to his sister. The pigeons were always a subject of much interest to the Edmonton family.

DEAR EMMA,

I suppose by this time you have received my letter, and the little diamond it enclosed, which I sent in Ellen's parcel. You do not mention having received it in your last. I received your letter yesterday, for which I am much obliged to you. I am glad to hear the pigeon arrived safe. My partner, on Wednesday morning, tied the tips of each of the pigeons' wings together to hinder them from

flying—in which manner he said he had treated several pigeons he bought while I was at home,—and then set them down to feed with the rest; the little brown one, however, soon released itself, and after flying round and round for some time, made for Edmonton: the other pigeon about an hour after released herself also and flew away, but returned again, and now feeds with the others, and seems used to the place; so that I cannot profit by my father's advice respecting the note. I think you had better get a mate for the little brown pigeon.

Give my respects to Mr. Wallace, and tell him I am much obliged to him for the copy of verses he sent me by Frederick. Pray write to me *very soon*.

Give my love to all my relations.

Your very affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM HENRY MAULE.

Sunday night, 13th February, 1803;
despatched, Monday morning, 14th.

The next letter from Mr. Maule of Green-

ford shows his continued interest in Henry, and his kind feeling towards his brother.

DEAR BROTHER,

I believe since Henry was here I have parted with Lygon, and have got four other new boys. You may tell Henry two sleep at Teatham's—therefore you will oblige me by keeping Henry till I have room to take him, which I shall have about the 24th, I believe. He has been with you since the 31st. This we shall speak of more by-and-by.

I am a true prophet about war, income tax, &c. This is an unpleasant tax, as all taxes are; but in two or three months at farthest I shall speak more to you about new taxes, and I hope more agreeably.

Your sister—who desires her best wishes to you, Mrs. Maule and family—is very well, and to these good wishes you will add mine. I think H. should learn arithmetic—I mean the higher branches of it,—and not trifle about addition, &c., or to talk of having done *his*

sum; but to learn like a man, not a boy. What you mean to do with him, I don't know; but in the course of six months I shall, if you please, talk with you on that subject. Would he like a solicitor? or what is his taste? Pray find it out if you can. Keep up a good heart. If I live, additional taxes shall not affect you for two years to come at least.

Yours sincerely,

12th June, 1803.

J. MAULE.

H. has had two pigeons hatched, *one at least* a tumbler. In trying its hand it fell out of the nest, and the rats made free with it. It was in the loft.

In August, 1803, Henry gives an account of his journey to Greenford.

DEAR SISTER,

I reached this place safe, as you may suppose, and without any particular adventures by the way. Two gentlemen in the Brentford coach wanted to *quiz* me, I believe, and after I had been silent for some time, one of them

was "afraid I was one of the princes *incog.*": upon which I pretended to be dumb, and made signs with my finger. He was at the last quite provoked at my dumbness, and conjectured I was an Eton boy; observing they were a set of geniuses. When they left the coach, I said, "Good morning, sir; I'm subject to fits." Mr. Liversage took me in a hackney coach to the "Bolt in Tun." I talked to him about his illness, and bark and muscles, &c. He told me bark disagreed with him. I said it was an excellent medicine, but might possibly disagree with some constitutions. I likewise let him know that I was not PERSONALLY acquainted with Dr. Roberts. Just as I left Edmonton, I heard a conversation between Mr. Barker and Mr. Liversage, which pleased me very much. Mr. L. "That Mr. Maule is a very good man." Mr. B. "An excellent man, nor do I suppose that if you take the faculty in any of the three adjoining villages, or anywhere, you will find a man who does so much good, or so many acts of charity as he does," &c. My

pigeons go on very well, and some of them are so tame as to eat out of my hands. Mr. Silver could not catch the pigeons for me this morning. I wish Frederick would go up to him some day, and contrive to send them to me by the Brentford coach. Write to me and let me know when I am to expect them. Have you heard any more from Mied. I send you enclosed some convolvuluses. Put them in water, and I daresay they will do very well. I met Alfred in town and walked a little way with him. My uncle has not mentioned anything about attorneyizing me. I delivered my father's message about beer. I am in a great hurry, so I hope you will not mind the writing of this. Write to me as soon as you can, my dear Rôée.

Your affectionate Brother,
W. H. MAULE.

16th April, 1804.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am, I think, better; that is, my breathing is better. I feel myself weak and giddy.

My lips and tongue white, and countenance pale, or rather, cadaverous. Spirits good.

* * * * *

I feel inconvenience in the region of the heart, but can charge none of my viscera particularly. I mean in a few days to go again to Latham. I sleep charmingly. I believe the true remedy is a horse.

I understood Henry the cadetship was offered to Alfred. If it leads only to the army, it is not an object. The mercantile is the most eligible line. Where a lad can be well employed and highly respected, it must lead to something good. Within a year something of this kind may occur for H.

Should I live I had some idea of proposing to you the university. However, if you can hear of any situation, there are two hundred guineas ready for you at my banker's; but a certainty must be accepted, and one that is highly creditable. I give, however, no advice as to choice of profession, as a miscarriage

would of course be laid to my account. All I have to say is, I am ready with 200*l.* or 300*l.* Judge you and Mrs. Maule how you mean to dispose of Henry.

Mr. R., I think, could hear of places for 200*l.*

The remaining half of this letter is lost. A cadetship had been offered by Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas Reid, who was a great friend and admirer of Mrs. Maule. A few days later, the Rev. J. Maule wrote again on the same subject.

April 20th, 1804.

DEAR BROTHER,

I would by no means have Henry accept the cadet offer yet; it is soon enough to accept it at a future day. I would therefore leave the thing open. If it were a boy's real wish, I would not oppose it. But taking in voyage, climate, a savage people, the present state of war in India, was I you, I would not let him go yet.

As for a forlorn hope as you say, everything seems in these times forlorn—I mean the state of Europe itself: but his views are as good as his neighbours.

There are many good and reputable employments, which, in the hands of boys of abilities, &c., are almost certain of success. If I live, I should perhaps be able to get him a living, or establish him as a private tutor, in which, if he should be settled, he may, as public schools are run down, make a fortune. A solicitor of respectability in the country would be very desirable. But all those things which require great stock in trade, and with which the country and town are overstocked by numbers, are by all means to be avoided. I have no doubt of his doing extremely well, as he is a very clever and a very well disposed boy.

At 8 o'clock on Monday I mean to see Dr. Latham. I am clear my complaint is liver, though my symptoms are mostly those of health. I sleep, eat, drink, &c., as usual.

I think your advice the thing, and presume Latham will take the same plan.

Though I feel no better for what he gave me, I am not clear I could support more calomel.

I am desirous of a horse; low ($13\frac{1}{2}$ hands), but not higher if it were as good as Pegasus. *Speed* I want, but to go four miles an hour is enough for me.

Where is New Inn? and how high is the horse you mention? If not above my height, $13\frac{1}{2}$, I would see him if in London. Pray write by return of post, and direct in four words,—Mr. M., Hanwell, Middlesex. If you don't give a line by first post, I shall not get it before I go to town. With compliments to Mrs. Maule and family,

I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

J. M.

After this the cadetship was declined, and upon the decision being made known to Henry, he wrote as follows:—

April 24th, 1804.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Yours and my father's, which reached me to-day, gave me great pleasure. I am extremely glad to hear of Mr. M.'s good opinion of me, though HE has never given me any reason to suspect it.

I think a life in England much better than one in India, and the possibility of seeing you oftener than once in ten years, no small addition to the comforts of it.

I will thank you to send my clothes, but *not* my little red trunk, of which I have enclosed the key, that you may add to my collection a Charles I. shilling, which I likewise enclose, and which is valuable for its antiquity, and which I desire to be kept safe.

I have no news to tell you. My pigeons go on pretty well. I found a young one the other day, which had got out of its nest into the harness house; it was on the point of being starved to death, and died a few hours after.

My uncle has written to Mr. Briggs about his horse, which he means to buy if it is not sold yet.

I do not think you need send my best breeches now, as I do not want them; I have two pair here for common wearing and one pair for Sundays. I will thank you to send a little bit of soap when you send my clothes. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Your affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

It will have been seen that Mr. Maule of Greenford was a truly kind brother, and took a real interest in his nephew's advancement; yet there was that about him that made him an object rather of awe than affection to his young relations, and he evidently, from his letters, had a great notion of children being *made* to do. His temper, naturally irritable, was probably at this time less under his control in consequence of the disease that was evidently stealing upon him, and that before long

was to terminate his life. Upon some occasion this irritation was vented upon Henry, in a way that he, being a lad of great spirit, felt it impossible to put up with. He accordingly left his uncle's house, and to the consternation of his family arrived at Edmonton. His uncle's concern was however equal to his parents'. He not only took an interest in the clever boy that had now been with him for five years, but he missed the help that, no doubt greatly to the advantage of Henry's future capacity for self-instruction, he had been accustomed of late to give with the younger pupils. Mr. Maule wrote to his brother, entreating his nephew's immediate return, adding that unless Henry came back he should be obliged to give up the pupils. This letter has not been preserved, but it had the desired effect; and he appears to have been well received at Greenford. His father writes to him, May 8th, 1804:—

DEAR HENRY,

We were all very happy to hear of your safe arrival at Greenford, and more so to find your uncle had received you in a friendly manner; of which, however, I had not the least doubt, being sensible of his benevolence towards you, which I hope you will endeavour to merit by your earnest attempts to oblige him. I have some thoughts of going to Hertford Fair next Saturday to see if I can purchase a horse; and if I should be so fortunate as to meet with a good one, I will not be long before I pay you a visit.

Here the father's writing ends; and without any conclusion on his part the mother continues the letter, as if it were written by one person—a mode they frequently adopted:—

You may suppose, my dear W. H., we were very much pleased to hear of your safe arrival, particularly as I had seen you mount the coach. I am very glad you had a kind reception.

The apparent improvement in Mr. Maule's health did not continue. In October he was seized with a fit of apoplexy.

Having informed his father, Henry again writes :—

DEAR FATHER,

My letter has no doubt reached you, informing you of Mr. Maule's illness. He still continues in the same state. The apothecary who attends him says his disease is an apoplexy, attended with a palsy of the right side, as you probably have perceived by the description I gave of it in my last.

When roused by a question he can answer, Yes, or No, but can articulate nothing else ; he then relaxes into a torpor, which, however, does not hinder him from being restless. He has had eight leeches applied to his temples, and a blister to his head. He submits to whatever his attendants do to him, and has swallowed his draughts and some tea which he took (in his own left hand), with a good deal of violence.

Your presence is wished for here, unless it would be very inconvenient to you to come. The apothecary (Mr. Morris, of Ealing), who knows you by name, has enquired when we expected you. I don't know what his opinion of Mr. M.'s case is. He is now with him; when he is gone, I will tell you what he has ordered.

He has ordered nothing new. He thinks him upon the whole rather better, but nothing to be depended upon. * * * *

Yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

Friday, 19th October.

This illness terminated in death, October 25th, 1804. It was a severe blow to Mr. Maule of Edmonton. He had not only lost a kind brother, but one both able and willing to assist him in putting forward his family, and who was likely, in many ways, to be an advantage to them. Even the encouragement he gave to "keep a good heart," was alone a

help to one too much disposed at that time to see everything from a gloomy point of view.

The concluding sketch of W. H. Maule's school-days is extracted from a letter written after his death to his sister by one of his old schoolfellows, who had long kept up a correspondence with him, and who, when the tie was snapped, seemed to take pleasure in recalling its beginning.

Kingston, Jamaica, 10th May, 1858.

I think it was in the summer of 1799 that your uncle, the Rev. John Maule, of King's College, Cambridge, the Rector of Greenford, Middlesex, invited me to spend my summer holidays with my two elder brothers at Greenford. They were his pupils, and had been so many years, while he resided at Cambridge. On occasion of my doing so, I first became acquainted with his nephew, William Henry Maule, who was also his pupil; so that afterwards, in 1800, when I myself became a pupil of the uncle, I became a schoolfellow of one

I already knew and liked : and he was the only one of the boys then at Greenford to whom I at all drew for awhile, till we were joined by Henry Cavendish, to whom I also drew in an equal degree. W. H. Maule's tastes and my own were similar at the time ; and as we were not confined to bounds, our friendship and good-feeling were much cemented by our rambles together through the fields in every direction, encountering and sharing together our boyish adventures and sports, only taking care to be at home in due time, and to be prepared with our appointed tasks. These joint rambles continued in a great measure our amusement during the four years we were together at Greenford. And I can confidently say that in point of advantage I derived much in many ways from his quickness and cleverness, and his fund of information, picked up I did not then know or think how, and have since often wondered at ; for he was not a great reader, and was generally more inclined for amusement or fun or pleasure than for study.

His memory was always most excellent, and his quickness very remarkable, and he must at that early period of his life have had great penetration and judgment in discerning and appreciating the meaning and spirit of what he treasured in his recollection; for I have heard him often very closely pressed by his uncle, who was an excellent scholar in Greek and Latin, for the very marrow of the most occult passages of the classic authors in use by us, and have almost always seen that his answers were satisfactory, and such in general as could not have been given by any of his seniors. In fact, he had the willing award of all his compeers that he had a mind of no ordinary cast; and yet I never saw in him a single instance that I can call to mind, of any false or foolish pride on account of the superiority of his intellectual powers.

He was always kind and good-tempered, but seemed to be unwilling to be thought over-ready to make advances to, or friendships with, those connected—as almost all the other boys

were—with high families. Perhaps one cause of his drawing to myself was that I belonged as it were to more private life, and I think he was more familiar with Brandreth and myself than any others.

The Rev. Mr. Maule always took his meals with his boys, and being of a merry, witty turn himself, the conversation was quite unrestrained between him and them and was very far from the stiff, unsocial intercommunion usual at school meals. Indeed, he seemed to have a pride in treating them and bringing them up as gentlemen. However, I think the nephew always felt a kind of awe of his uncle, that repressed him from exhibiting those merry effusions which he indulged in with his familiars; but his uncle was not severe or unkind to him, and as often addressed him by his schoolboy soubriquet, "Tity," as by the name Henry—a playful instance of which will be seen at the end of the "*Medea Euripides*," which I will send to you when I find an opportunity, and where he was in the habit of re-

cording the names of boys who read it with him. I may here relate how I came by this book.

After Mr. Maule's burial, as the nephew and myself were leaving Greenford, I was desirous to hold something of our old tutor, as a remembrance of him; and as the "*Medea*" was in a ragged state, but interspersed with his observations, and was the book he used while his pupils read with him from the copies they used, on overhauling his books with the nephew, I was permitted by him to appropriate it to the purpose; and, as a mark of respect, I had it bound, and have always hitherto kept it as a kind of relic. As I must also soon be gathered, it may perhaps have some little value with some member of your family, and I shall send it accordingly. Schoolboy days pass with so little incident worth recording, that though I have always fondly clung to their recollection, I do not find, on challenging my memory, anything to relate, even like "the duck that Samuel Johnson trod on."

The Rev. Mr. Maule died in, I think, September, 1804. All the other boys departed from Greenford, on his being struck with apoplexy. I was in London when I heard of it, and immediately started for Greenford, and remained there with his sister and nephew till after the funeral, when Henry and myself went to town together, and there, except by correspondence, I lost sight of him.

This account is especially interesting, as coming from one who was afterwards, with very few exceptions, entirely separated from his early friend; yet, to many, in describing the boy, it must give also the outline of the man. The same love of the simple enjoyments of the country—the same apparent want of proportion between the knowledge acquired and the amount of study given to it—the same unwillingness to make advances to others—the same indisposition to assume anything over others on account of his superior powers. It was not that he did not study, but that there

was so much concentration when he did, that everything was done with ease; and, in one sense, he may be said to have been always studying, for nothing was unobserved, and all that came before him was built up in order in the great store-house of his memory, and ready for use.

Nor was it merely that "he was unwilling to be thought over-ready to make advances to those connected with high families," but that he never was at any time disposed to make advances to anyone. Besides an almost morbid horror of courting those in any way above him, there was also a certain shyness that indisposed him at all times from taking an active part in sociability.*

As during his school life no instance can be recorded of "any false or foolish pride on account of the superiority of his intellectual

* But though unwilling to court others, he appears at school, as in after life, to have been a favourite with many, if any opinion can be formed from various letters now remaining from several boys—more especially many very simple, naïve, and affectionate ones from Charles Greville.

powers," so he continued through life, devoid both of vanity and conceit. As an illustration of the kind of mind that would naturally indispose him to either, it may be well to mention here a lesson that he once took pains to instil upon a young relation, on the duty of "honouring all men." "A duty," he said, "that we should not find difficult, did we remember, as we ought, how in comparison with God the difference between the highest and lowest human intellect, between Newton and an idiot, was almost as nothing, and did we learn to see in every one a person for whom Christ had died."

At the age of sixteen, W. H. Maule's school life had now abruptly terminated. It was an anxious question with the family,—What was the next step to be taken in his career? Notwithstanding the expectations naturally raised by the Rev. J. Maule's expressions in his letters, he had left his money, not to his brother, or his brother's children, but to his sister, to be

divided between the children after her death ; and as that did not happen till nearly thirty years later, he seemed by his will to have combined the two opposite possibilities he contemplated—of living both a short and a long time. Mr. Maule was not disposed at that period to incur any expense that could be avoided, for Henry's welfare was not the only thing that pressed anxiously upon him. His eldest son, Alfred, who was several years older, and who had been well placed out in the world, had foolishly thrown away a very advantageous position, and was now upon his father's hands, with nothing to do. This circumstance, combined with the shock of his uncle's death, no doubt produced a very beneficial effect upon Henry's character—the realities of life were brought before him, and for the first time he shared his parents' cares. His excellent sense and good feeling made him perceive how much those cares might be increased by a child's conduct, and led him to resolve that, as far as he was concerned, they should be lightened as

much as possible. For some months he remained at home, studying by himself and with his brother Frederick.

At the commencement of the year following his uncle's death, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, a Quaker lady, who had obtained some reputation on the subject of education, who knew his parents, and had heard of their promising son, entered into negotiation with them for him to go as tutor to her daughter's children. On Saturday, March 23rd, he left home for Ipswich. He gives the following account of his journey and his arrival at his destination.

Ipswich, March 25th, 1805.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

As I intend to write you a long letter, I shall begin it now, though I shall probably not send it for some days. I shall begin to recount my adventures from my leaving your house. Nothing remarkable happened to me on my road to London, though it required at least as good a horseman as I am to get the pony past

an uncommon number of hay-carts, which I was continually overtaking. I thought it very strange for a horse to be frightened at a load of hay, till I remembered having seen people frightened at a drove of oxen, who had no objection to a dinner of beef. However, I went a pretty brisk pace to London, and it was well I did; for the coach set off two or three minutes after I arrived at the "Four Swans." There was no inside passenger besides myself, and but one outside. I breakfasted at Epping, which town is famous for its butter—a pound of it would last me a century. The country in Essex, till about twenty-four miles from London, is extremely flat and ugly. At Chelmsford, which is a pretty town, we took up a man outside, and a woman inside. We went through a very pleasant country, as far as Colchester (a large town, full of soldiers, on the borders of Essex, fifty-two miles from London), where the man and woman left me, and where I dined by myself in a large and handsome room, in a very good inn. They

had provided an excellent dinner, consisting of a pair of nice soles fried, a boiled knuckle of veal, and a hog's physiognomy, of all which I ate heartily—as it is the duty of every stage-coach passenger to do, seeing that he pays the same, whether he eats little or much. I was charged 2*s.* 6*d.* for my dinner (small beer included), and such was my generosity that I gave the waiter a sixpence.

From Colchester to Ipswich (ten miles) the country is beautiful, diversified with hills, woods, and streams.

I arrived here about seven in the evening. My two eldest pupils met me at the coach-office, and showed me the way to their father's. A servant of Mr. Head's fetched my trunk. I was very kindly treated by the family. When Mrs. Head showed me to my room-door, I was a little surprised at her saying, "There is a little boy sleeps with you; you must help him dress himself in the morning:" and truly, the very first thing I heard in the morning was the little urchin crying out,

“Wilt thee button my hind clothes?” I like my situation very well, but it certainly is not exactly what I, and, I believe, what you expected.

On Sunday, the 24th instant, I had a long conversation with Mrs. H. It would be tedious to relate her part of it: mine consisted in repeating, “Yes, ma’am,” and “certainly,” twice every five minutes. Amongst other things, my business consists in calling my pupils at seven in the morning, in seeing them wash their faces and comb their hair, in seeing them to bed, and in taking their candle away, and in dressing the little one in the morning. Mrs. H. thinks Latin and Greek all very well in their way, but greatly approves of that general knowledge which enlarges the mind, and which some people (who have had no education but that of a public school and an university) call a smattering.

The day is thus divided:—School from seven till eight, then breakfast; school from nine till twelve; play till half-past one; school from

then till dinner, at three; after dinner, walk till tea, at six; then school till eight, when (heaven be praised!) they go to bed; we sup at nine, and thus ends the day. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

This is a very pleasant town. On Sunday evening I took a walk in its principal street; there were a great many officers and smart people walking up and down, which made it look very delightful.

My pupils are four in number, three boys and a girl; the eldest is about eight, the second seven, the girl six, and the little one who sleeps with me five. They are totally ignorant of everything, which I take to be the consequence of having been educated on the plan of general knowledge. There is very little danger of my oversleeping myself, as my bed is admirably calculated to promote early rising, being of the same kind as that I slept in at Murphy's, which felt as smooth and as hard as if it had been stuffed with marble dust.

The weather here is very cold, the east winds

piercing; I should not know how to manage without my great coat.

I hope very soon to hear from you, and that you will tell me all the family news,—how Alfred goes on—whether my father is busy or no—what time he got from Mrs. Sago's—how you all do, &c.

Give my love to my brothers and sister, my aunt and cousin. Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and all friends; and believe me, dear Father and Mother,

Your affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

P.S.—I have just heard from Sam. Murphy.* He does not start till the 10th of next month, on account of the convoy being delayed.

Despatched from Ipswich, Saturday, March 30th.

The aunt and cousin here mentioned, and often alluded to in subsequent letters, were Mrs. Miller and her son Wm. Henry. Mrs.

* The school friend, whose account of his school days has already been given.

Miller was Mr. Maule's eldest sister, who had married a Scotch gentleman of fortune. Her husband died while her son was still quite a young boy, and with him she lived at the Eagle House, Tottenham, within a walk of Edmonton. As Mrs. Miller's health obliged her to live in great seclusion, and the two families were much attached, the visits of the Maule family were frequent, and most eagerly and kindly welcomed by the Millers, notwithstanding that Mrs. Miller somewhat dreaded a visit from Henry on account of his lively spirits, which kept her in perpetual fear of some mischief to her son, to whom she was so devoted that she could hardly bear him out of her sight. The days when the children went with their mother to drink tea with the Millers were always happy ones ; and in after years the abundant supplies of fruit they had on such occasions, and when in Mrs. Miller's absence they had the produce of the garden, were often referred to as a source of enjoyment, and the mulberry-tree especially was playfully

quoted as a proof of the degeneracy of later days.

The cousin, William Henry Miller, was a person of great natural capacity and most amiable disposition and temper, and was a remarkable instance of devotion to the mother, who did all she could to spoil him; not because she was a foolish woman—far from it,—and indeed the way in which she maintained her influence over a man of unquestionable power was in itself a proof of her capacity. Until her death, which did not happen till he was thirty-six, he had never passed twenty-four hours away from her. Such a state of things, though a proof of his amiable disposition, was not calculated to exercise a favourable influence on the development of his character. This was the more to be regretted, as all who knew him well, knew also that his natural capacity was of a very superior order, and might have commanded distinction in any walk of life to which his inclination might have led him. As it was, his mother's fondness always came

between him and his true interests. From his earliest childhood, provided he remained with her, he was allowed to do exactly as he liked. She engaged for him tutors of the first class (the Mr. Radford and Mr. Doncaster occasionally alluded to were successively with him in that capacity), but it rested entirely with himself whether he chose to do anything with them. Under these circumstances it would not have been surprising had he grown up an illiterate man. But his natural love for learning was great, and supplied to him from within that stimulus which the majority of persons have in so many ways applied to them from without. This love of learning would naturally have led him to the university, and accordingly he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge; but when the time for residing came, he yielded to his mother's great unwillingness to part with him. His interest in politics was extreme, and a seat in parliament was from his boyish days, when he eagerly discussed with Mrs. Maule the contending

parties of Pitt and Fox, an object of his ambition; but here again his mother stepped in, and he again yielded. Under these circumstances, cut off from society by her health, and from the manly pursuits of active life by her exacting affection, he took refuge among books. Reading led to buying for present use, and this gradually expanded into the passion of his life: he became one of the greatest book collectors of the day, and formed a library, probably the first in existence in its peculiar line (that of early English literature); which yet remains at his late residence in Buckinghamshire.

Soon after his mother's death, in 1828, he entered parliament as M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne, for which borough he sat until the year 1841. He was a Tory of the deepest dye, and formed one of the great Conservative party organized by Sir Robert Peel after the passing of the Reform Bill. He was faithful to the principles of the old Tory school in all their integrity to the last. He felt acutely the

condition to which his party was reduced when the change of Sir Robert Peel's policy reached its climax in 1846, and it is believed the mental annoyance he endured assisted materially in undermining his health.

The two cousins, differing as they did in their habits, and in the way in which they looked upon men and things, had yet many points of family resemblance. Each saw in the other a man of the highest honour and integrity, who had the good of his country at heart according to his respective views, and no difference ever occurred to mar the friendliness of their intercourse.

This passing and unworthy tribute could not be resisted by one of the few who were admitted to share his pleasant retirement at Britwell, who delighted in the vast stores of his information and the kindness and graciousness with which he was ever ready to impart them, and to whom his memory is associated with some of the happiest hours of the past.

Henry was right in supposing that the

situation was not what his father had expected. The circumstances that made it so were anything but harmonious with his nature, but he thought it was important to his parents that he should remain where he was, and therefore he would not allow there were any "grievances."

Ipswich.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Your letter arrived here on Sunday, April 7. I am much obliged to you for it, and to Emma for her share of it, and for her kindness in sending me my key, which I shall always hold *very dear*, since it cost me no less than 2s. 4d., because the letter (being franked) weighed more than one ounce.

I am very sensible of the kindness of the advice you gave me in your last, but I have not at present any *grievances* to complain of, though I certainly vote my little bed-fellow a bore; but I am afraid of hazarding the mode of arguing you suggest. Mrs. H. would think me a strange tutor if I could not accommodate

myself to any number of strata which might be proper for her son. I shall try if I cannot get rid of him by insinuating that I am a very unquiet bed-fellow; and if that will not do, I must prove myself so by kicking Jacky two or three times out of bed *in my sleep*, which I daresay will have the desired effect.

I have just now been paying a washing bill—the charge for a shirt is 3*d.*, for a pair of stockings 1*d.*, for a neckcloth 1*d.*, and for a pocket-handkerchief $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* These, I believe, are cheaper than the Edmonton charges.

Tell Frederick that I am going on with his exercises, but shall not send them till my books are arrived, as I wish to look out some words in Scapula: therefore I would be obliged to him to send my box of books as soon as he can, and to try to stuff my “Index Homericus” among them; likewise six Botany-bay oats, which he can take out of a wafer-box which I left somewhere about the house. Item, a small phial (which he will find in his drawer in the kitchen) with some Dolichos Pruriens in it.

As I have now been more than three weeks in this place, I am pretty well able to judge of it. Upon the whole I like it very well, and Mrs. H. seems to be satisfied with me, so that I do not doubt but that I shall continue in it; for I cannot say, as some folks do, "Who cares? places are plenty."

I have not much time to myself: from twelve till half-past one, and from eight till nine in the evening; but as the weather gets warmer I intend to rise an hour or two before my pupils, for the sake of my own improvement.

Every Wednesday the Heads go to a meeting from ten till twelve, which makes a sort of holiday for me, as I do not accompany them.

I received my trunk some days ago—my clothes fit me very well. I return Emma a thousand thanks for the black silk waistcoat—I look quite beautiful in it.

Mr. H. has a cottage about a mile from the town, where the family are to go in about a

month. It is a very pretty spot, commanding a delightful view of the river, ships, &c.

I have twice been out in the curricule with Mr. H. and the two eldest of his sons.

I think Mrs. Wakefield told you that Mrs. H. was fond of promoting parties of pleasure for the children. I never saw one of them, but this is the description which I have heard of one:—At eleven o'clock they dine on some cold meat, and immediately set off for the cottage, and continue digging in a little bit of a garden till 6 P.M., when they return to town. "*Monstro voluptatem egregiam.*"—Juv.

Mrs. H. asked me the other day whether I was fond of gardening. I said, No.

This family are very strict Quakers in everything but dress, though they do not say "thou," but use "thee" for Nom. and Acc.

When you next write, tell me whether Alfred goes to Mr. Adam's. I hope he is applying sedulously to mathematics. Tell me likewise how Mrs. Barker is; and whether you have written to my Aunt Sarah.

My two eldest pupils have learnt Latin a year, though they could not decline *hic, hæc, hoc*, when I came here; but ladies' Latin is quite a different thing from what was spoken in the time of Augustus.

Mrs. H. seems to think that *hic, hæc, hoc*, is not so necessary as Lillie would make us believe; for, says she, "It is possible for a child to be a very good Latin scholar without exactly knowing how to decline *hic, hæc, hoc*; for it is not that that makes a scholar, but it is the general knowledge of the language."

When you send my books, pray send a very particular account of all home transactions, and tell me how the pigeons go on—whether Tom's wife has hatched, and whether Denney likes his new wife.

In the last letter Emma wrote me, she mentioned that Mr. Radford was *returned*. I was at first much surprised at this piece of news, as I read it *interred*.

I shall not be seventeen till the 25th instant. If ever I am an old codger with a brown wig.

fleecy hosiery stockings, and flaps to my waistcoat, I shall say to some of my grandchildren, "Ah, boys, boys! before I was your age I was out upon the world; but things are altered now: it was not so in my time." Give my love to my mother, brothers, and sister; and believe me, my dear Father,

Your very affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

P.S.—Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. Oldfield. When you send my books, I hope to see a specimen of all your handwriting.

I rose this morning at six, and as my pupils are not down till half-past seven, I gain an hour and a half by it.

Thursday, 18th April, half-past seven, morning.

The Mrs. Oldfield who is often mentioned in his letters had been formerly a servant of Mrs. Maule's. Henry was an especial favourite with her, and he warmly returned her affection,

saying as a child, that when he was a man he would live with Betty. She indeed well deserved his gratitude; for though in all great things he was an excellent boy, yet he was a real boy, and a very lively one, and, in consequence, was not seldom getting into scrapes, of which, even when they were shared by his more quiet brothers, he generally got the blame. On such occasions Mrs. Oldfield, or Betty rather, would always take his part. The way in which she became Mrs. Oldfield was somewhat remarkable.

One day when Mrs. Maule was travelling to London by the stage coach, something arose during the journey that induced her to speak (as she felt) in glowing terms of the excellent qualities of her servant. Mr. O., the landlord of the classical "Bell," at Edmonton, was one of the passengers, and was so struck with the character given of her that he took an early opportunity of making Betty's acquaintance, and not long after they were married. Mr. O. did not live many years, and after his death she made, in 1808, a yet more prosperous

marriage with a Mr. Coster, when Mr. Maule was trustee to her marriage settlement.

Ipswich, Monday, April 6th [which is probably
a mistake for May].

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that the box arrived safe on Saturday, 4th inst., in the evening. I return you many thanks for the trouble you have taken with it, and for a very agreeable letter which I received on my birthday. I was glad to hear C. Greville had written to me—and immediately wrote to him. A few days afterwards, he wrote me a *long* and entertaining letter, telling me a great deal of news concerning some of my old Greenford friends, and lamenting that I was too far off to see the installation, for which he could have given me a ticket.*

* This letter still exists. In it the young writer expresses a fear that "you will be tired with this letter, though no length of yours shall tire me;" and he concludes by this postscript: "I am thinking you are a most uncommon young tutor."

I am much obliged to Frederick for his care of the pigeons. I think Denney's young ones would suit Mr. Flower, if he wants them; as to Tom's odd one, roasting would do him no harm. I am sorry I forgot to mention my aunt and cousin in my former letters. I suppose they are gone by this time; if not, pray give my love and best wishes to them.

Emma asks what sort of a man Mr. Head is. He is a very good-natured, sensible man; though I do not see much of him—still less of Mrs. Orams (falsely called Horum), who only drinks tea and sups in the parlour. She appears to me to be a good-tempered woman of about thirty.

I believe I told you that my pupils were aged eight, seven, six, and five; instead of which, Barclay (the eldest) is nine, Alfred eight, Caroline seven, and John almost six. The latter is at present off my hands as a pupil—though not as a bed-fellow,—as he goes day-border to a school in the town. Tell me, when you write, whether Mrs. Miller has left

Tottenham for good ; and whether you know to what part of India Alfred's cadetship will lead him.

You would imagine yourself transported to W. Shaw's apartment at Mr. Docker's, if you were to see how neatly I put by my best clothes, brushing and shaking them first, and then covering them with paper. Since I have begun sounding my own praises, I must add that I brush and shake my clothes every morning, and that I always put on a pair of old shoes while I am teaching, and in everything else endeavour to follow the excellent advice which you and my father have given me.

4 o'clock, afternoon.—Pray excuse the hurry in which I am writing this, as I am just going to set off with Mr. Head and family—they in a curricie, and I on horseback. This is the second time I have ridden on horseback since I have been here ; but I do not find the least want of boots, and am very glad I did not get any in London.

8 o'clock.—I returned from a very pleasant

ride at six, but have not had time to resume my writing till now ; and as the post sets off at half-past eight, I am in a great hurry, which I hope will excuse my bad writing. My next shall be better, I hope ; but I wish much to send this to-night, that you may not be anxious for the fate of my box. Pray remember me kindly to Mr. George Wallace, and his brother if he is returned. I hope my father did not catch cold on Monday.

On Sunday morning, April 28, I awoke at five o'clock, and was astonished to see the tops of the opposite houses covered with snow ; however, I took heart, and slipping on some of my Saturday's clothes, I went down to the schoolroom (which is about twenty yards from the house), and washed my head, feet, neck, &c., in cold water, and had finished by six ; and I did not receive any hurt from this. . . . If you have any more Botany-bay oats, you should put them into a pot of earth, and they will look very pretty.

The other day Mr. Head let fall the top of

a white earthenware sugar-dish, and broke it. He tied the pieces together and boiled them about an hour in milk, when they came out firmly united. This is quite new to me—perhaps it may be useful to you. The pieces should be joined with great exactness.

I am very regular in going to church, and I have a very good preacher; but in future mean to dedicate the time of afternoon service to a walk by myself, as I have hardly exercise enough here—only from half-past six or six till eight in the evening with the children. This is much less than I have been used to.

We had another heavy fall of snow on Monday, April 29, and several hail-showers since; but at present we have very fine weather.

I hope you will write very soon, as I take great pleasure in your letters. Pray give my love to my father, Alfred, Emma, and Frederick; and believe me, my dear Mother,

Your very affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

Almost all the letters from Ipswich are written with evident care in a beautiful round text hand. The latter part of this letter shows signs of haste, but would hardly require apology but for its contrast with the beginning.

Ipswich, May 18, 1805. 12 o'clock.

MY DEAR FATHER,

As Mrs. Head is going to send something to Mrs. Wakefield, I seize the opportunity of writing to you, which I should not otherwise have done till I had heard from you. On Saturday, April 4th, I sent you a very ill-written letter to let you know that my box of books arrived safe—have you (that is, has my mother) received it? The same evening that I wrote and sent it, I had some conversation with Mr. and Mrs. H., which Mr. H. began by saying that I had been long enough here to know whether the situation was likely to suit me—and desired me to tell him whether I chose to stay or not. I told him that the situation suited me very well, and that if I

gave him satisfaction I was willing to stay in it. This point being settled, he proceeded to mention some things which he wished to be observed. Amongst other things he mentioned that he and Mrs. H. had sometimes seen me reading while the children were getting their lessons—and desired I would make it a rule never to do so in future. The debate closed with Mrs. Head politely assuring me that she should endeavour to make the situation as agreeable to me as possible.

My pupils are not very easy to manage. The eldest is full as languid as Mrs. Wakefield described him; the second is very fond of his own way, and Mrs. H. thinks contradiction would spoil his temper. He is the genius of the family: Hamlet says, "Give it an *understanding*, but no *tongue*." Nature has done just the contrary by him.

I heard from Sam. Murphy the other day. He dates—Ship "Resolution," off Cove, near Cork, Ireland, May 5. He was two days' sail behind the West India fleet. People here

talk of the French taking the West Indies—which I hope is not true. I have had an awkward cough and cold for some time, but, by dint of water-gruel and other esthetics—such as aqua pumpalis, &c.,—it is now going off. Tell me how Mr. Hammond of Southgate does, and whether you know how Mr. Toulmin does.

We have had very cold weather here lately: fires are comfortable, and great coats not amiss. Yesterday was a very fine day, and I was in hopes that summer was beginning; but to-day the sky has resumed a most illiberal appearance. Everything is very backward here—more so, I daresay, than things are at Edmonton, as this is the very *easternmost* corner of England.

When you next write, tell me whether I have ever had the hooping-cough—it is very prevalent here. I go on correcting Frederick's exercises, and shall be able (I hope) to send them in a fortnight or three weeks. I do not go on very quickly with them, as I teach my

pupils six hours and a half a day, walk with them two, and spend about two and a half at meals. I have lately treated myself with lying in bed till seven, on account of my cough, but shall soon (p.v.) get up at five. I must leave off for the present, to give my pupils a French lesson.

Wednesday, 23rd May, 1805.

When I had proceeded thus far, I heard that my letter would not go till Thursday or Friday. I therefore postponed writing till to-day, in hopes of hearing from you in the meantime—which I did on Sunday. I should have liked to have seen Joseph,* and should be glad to be of service to him if I could, as he was one of my

* Joseph was the Rev. J. Maule's man servant. He afterwards lived with a friend of the Maule family, with whom he remained until, on account of age and infirmities, he was pensioned off. He had a great natural taste for genealogy, which having been much cultivated at Greenford by coming in contact with boys of various high families, he could not restrain himself from correcting his mistress's guests when they sometimes made mistakes about intermarriages, &c. He used often to inquire with much interest after master Henry long after he was at the bar.

best friends at Greenford. If Mrs. Miller is not suited with a man, I think he would do for her : he is very honest and sober, and (as you have seen) a very good waiter at table. I do not blame Barrow for going to war with his parishioners about tithes. They are a set of selfish blackguards, and will bully or cheat him out of his due, if they can. The Madeira will serve Ellen both for oil and wine—it will make her heart glad, and cause her face to shine.

I work pretty diligently with my pupils, and do what I can with myself.

I have often thought that the house at Mrs. Miller's would do nicely for our pigeons, and am glad to hear that you are going to have it. I am much obliged to you and my mother and Emma for your letter—it was just such a one as I like. I hope you will continue to write often, as your letters give me great pleasure. I am glad Alfred is so pleasantly situated. He always was fond of a pony—I hope therefore he will make mathematics his hobby-horse.

I have now got rid of my cough, which had teased me for some weeks. I caught it by lying in the grass for about thirty minutes. I do not at present want any book or other articles—I have full as many books as I know what to do with. In about a week we expect to leave this town for Mr. H.'s country-house, which is about a mile off, in a very retired and beautiful situation. Tell me whether you are busy or no the next time you write. If any parcel, &c., should arrive at Edmonton for me, I would be obliged to you to forward it hither. Remember me to all friends—Messrs. Wallace and Mrs. Oldfield in particular. Give my love to my mother, brothers and sister, and to my aunt and cousin. Do you see anything of Mr. Doncaster? Pray give my best respects to him, if you do. I shall leave a little corner which I may perhaps want to fill before this goes.

Your very affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

Sent May 24, 1805.

Near Ipswich, June 4, 1805.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I received yours and Alfred's last night, with the Euclid, and return you all many thanks for them.

I am sorry that my last letter should make you uneasy about my health. I had indeed had a very bad cold and cough, but they were better then, and I am now perfectly well. I have none of the symptoms which you mention, and I am in perfect good health. I have now learned to take care of myself. I was invulnerable to colds some months ago, but I find that I am not so now.

I am perfectly sensible of the necessity of putting up with the inconveniences we meet with in life: not that I think that I have more than my share at present. I am treated with the greatest kindness by the family; though I think it would be useless to speak about my bedfellow now, as we are in a very small thatched cottage, and Mr. Head's is a very large family—seven children. My bedroom

is on the ground, as is also that of my two eldest pupils.

I have not yet heard from Greville—which makes me think my application to him will be successful. A letter to Lord William Bentinck might be of service to Alfred, but his own prudence, temperance, and economy will be much more so.

Mrs. Miller's present was very handsome. Nobody knows how to do what is handsome better than she does. It would likewise be a *great help at present*. Pray give my love to her and my cousin the next time you write to them—as I suppose you sometimes do.

I am now going on *in earnest* with my Index to "Homer." I have calculated that it will be finished in about two years. I suppose it may produce about twenty or thirty pounds, or perhaps more. I have been reading Latin or Greek authors whenever I have time, and mean now to apply myself to Euclid—which can do me no harm, whatever may be my destiny.

I cannot help pointing out to my father's and Frederick's notice, a passage in "*Persius*" which lately struck me as very beautiful (Sat. III. from line 32 to 43). I am sorry Mr. Wallace is unwell. I fear he confines himself too much.

I am writing to you in my room with my great coat on! Though the month is June, the weather is not too warm for April; and this house (as it stands on a hill) is much exposed to winds which keep blowing from the north and east.

We have now altered our plan of school-hours, much to my satisfaction: we have none before breakfast; breakfast at half-past seven; school from nine till twelve, and from one till four; then dinner;—no more lessons—tea at half-past six, walk till nine, supper—bed. It is now a little past one; I was just preparing to leave off writing, when one of my pupils told me that their mother had given them a holiday till dinner. At this I was delighted—as I shall be able to finish my letter before dinner.

N.B.—This is the first holiday they have had since I came here.

I beg you will be under no uneasiness on account of my health, as I am perfectly well, without the least sign of any of the symptoms you mention. When you next write, give me a particular account of all your health. You do not mention Emma in your last—how is the dear girl?

I trust in God that Alfred will be prosperous and happy in his new capacity. I hope he intends to write us long letters, and above all to take care of himself. Though I should have liked to have seen him, I am convinced he ought not to venture.

In answer to Frederick's question, tell him that both the Denneys were tumblers, but they never tumbled much ;—upon second thoughts, I am inclined to say that this is not the same that flew away, as I was pretty certain that was a cock.

I beg you will continue to write to me frequently. Hearing from you, and writing to

you, are my two principal pleasures. I continue to drink water, as I always intend to do. I shall always make a rule to comply with the good advice you give me in your last, respecting *coolness*. Nothing can be more necessary in every situation—it always gives its possessor an advantage. Though I am not over cool by nature, so thoroughly am I convinced of the necessity of being so, that I make it my continual study to acquire a habit of it; and I think I have not been quite unsuccessful.

I am glad to understand by your letter, that my aunt has not quite left your part of the world *for good*. Do my aunt, cousin, Mr. Radford, Cæsar! and Juno *all* go in one carriage? If they do, what carriage do they go in? Has my aunt sold the house?

I am glad that you are at least *tolerably* busy. Pray mention how you go on in that particular every time you write—which I hope will be very frequently. Though I am a great economist in everything else, I never grudge the money that is spent in letters. I

am extremely pleased to hear your pony still suits so well. I suppose the Winchmore Hill lawyer refused to give it a character merely from a professional habit of caution and distrust. If it had any great fault, it surely must have shown it by this time.

As I cannot take leave of Alfred personally, I send him the warmest wishes for his happiness—and may God bless him and preserve him !

My letter now must draw towards a conclusion. Give my love to all my relations and friends ; and believe me, my dear Parents,

Your affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

Pray tell me, when you next write, what kind of weather you have at Edmonton.

Despatched June 4, 1805.

Cottage, Tuesday, June 18, 1805. 10 o'clock.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Though I wrote to you not long ago, and to Alfred the day before yesterday, yet, as Mr.

William Foster has been kind enough to say that he will convey a letter to you, I have sat down to write to you again.

To-day is Ipswich Quarterly Meeting, which gives me a holiday—Mrs. H. and her children being gone there. My quondam bed-fellow has had the hooping-cough for several weeks, which I am uncharitable enough to hope will last a good while longer, as it is very little inconvenience to him, and a great convenience to me. He is kept at Ipswich, lest, if he came here, he should give the cough to his brothers and sisters. At first, indeed, his place was supplied by a little boy of about three years of age; but now (thank God) I enjoy a bed and a room to myself.

On Sunday week I went to hear Deborah Darby at the Quaker's Meeting. She preached for about an hour, to the great satisfaction of about six hundred people of all sorts and sizes.

Mrs. H. told me yesterday that she intended her daughter Caroline to begin learning Latin—which she accordingly did. So you see that I

am likely to have my hands pretty full ; as it is not a very easy thing to prevail on children to learn by *persuasion* only, when they know that they have nothing to *fear* if they do not perform their tasks.

I recollect an observation of yours—that private education made *poor devils* of boys, and that a public one made them *sad dogs*. I am convinced that this observation is well founded ;—poorer devils than my pupils, even Mrs. Trimmer herself could not wish for. It is my private opinion that one sad dog is worth forty poor devils.

The weather is now grown pleasanter, though we have nothing like heat. The grounds and country about this house are beautiful. I often imagine to myself my mother walking slowly down the lawn, and saying to herself, as she looks on the surrounding objects, “All nature smiles.”

I have corrected Epouvantable’s exercises, and shall send them soon ;—it will be a holiday amusement for him to write them out. I

suppose that the pigeons go on breeding very fast. After you have kept what you mean to keep, you should kill the others—I mean the young ones. If the two pairs have young ones at the same time, it will be a convenient number to make a pie of. Give my respects to Messrs. Coar, senior and junior. How does the latter go on?

I am going on pretty much as usual with my pupils. I believe I have not told you that Mrs. H. teaches them to write herself. She frequently sits in the school-room the greater part of the morning, and now and then hears them their Latin lessons, and teaches them a few false quantities—which I do not correct when she makes them, but do when *they* make them; for I am not to teach her Latin, but them. Though their former tutor was a very clever and agreeable young man, he never taught them anything except that *πως έχεις* (which they pronounced “posey kase”) was Greek for “How do you do?” and that *καλως* (which they transformed into “clothes”) was for “Very well, thank you.”

I hope Mr. Wallace is recovered of his indisposition. Pray give my best respects to him and Mr. G. W.

I shall at present conclude, as I am going to treat myself with an hour's walk by myself. . .

I have been very nearly caught in a heavy shower, which came on suddenly, and hardly gave me time to run to shelter. The wind is very high, though not cold.

I suppose Alfred will be gone before this reaches you; though I hope he was in time for my letter of Sunday last.* Tell me whether he was or not, when you next write.

I am afraid you will think this a sad rip of a letter; so while it is in my power I will stop, desiring only to be remembered kindly to all my relations and friends.

Your affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

P.S.—I have just been dining with a Mr.

* This was a beautiful letter of advice to his brother on leaving England.

Brightwin, who says he dined with Miss Maule of Edmonton at Mr. Wood's.

Sent to Mr. Foster, June 18th, in the evening.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The last letter I received from Edmonton was dated June 17th; and I am a little surprised that I have not heard from you since. I heard, through the medium of Mrs. Wakefield, that Alfred set off for Portsmouth on the 27th of June. I hope you are all well—write and let me know. You have most likely received a letter of mine by Mr. W. Foster. I should have written sooner, but I waited for Mrs. Head's setting off for Tottenham. I intend to ask her to take Frederick's exercises, as it will be the most convenient manner in which I can send them.

I am happy to hear that Alfred goes so well recommended. His knowledge of commercial affairs may likewise be of use to him.

I thank you for the book you intend for me, but I am in no hurry for it, as it is above my

cut at present, being (I suppose) intended to be read after Euclid.

I think I may now congratulate myself on being delivered from my nocturnal tormenter; for, though he has been here some time, he has not once slept with me. Mrs. H. has likewise dropped her daughter's Latin which she took up so suddenly.

I am going on as usual, working hard with my pupils, and with myself what time I can spare. I find even dry studies a relaxation. After I have been talking for three hours together, there is a pleasure in sitting silently by myself.

I have finished the first book of "Homer" in the rough copy, and am now posting it to another book. Very likely you may see Mr. and Mrs. H. and their eldest son, who goes with them. It is he that is so languid, as Mrs. Wakefield calls it.

We had a very violent thunder-storm here about ten days ago, accompanied by much wind and rain. Some officers who were on the

water at the time, have never been heard of since.

I suppose this will reach you about Tuesday or Wednesday; and there will be time enough for you to write me an enormous packet of letters, which I daresay Mr. H. will be kind enough to bring me. Pray tell me all the news you can, particularly how you all do Who takes care of Mrs. Miller's house and the garden? If you have the use of it, I suppose you will have another pudding year.

Ipswich races have been celebrated for the last three days—they make a great deal of bustle in the town and its environs. I walked on to the ground, and saw what was to be seen. I crammed myself into a stand amongst Lord A., Sir William B., and Colonel C.

The weather has been very hot for these two or three days. Peas are just come in here—and I hope, for my mother's sake, they are at Edmonton How does Mr. Wallace do? I suppose he is ill of one of the *morbi eruditorum*—which might full as well be called

morbi erudientium. I think it would do him good to go to Scotland or Lynn or somewhere.

I do not find water-drinking makes me weaker. Sometime or other I intend to improve upon it by a vegetable diet, which I take to be a great help to mathematical studies, besides the excitability that is hoarded up, which you know is an invaluable treasure Not having heard from you so long, makes me anxious to know how you do. If anything particular has fallen out, pray write immediately on receipt hereof; if not, it may be as well not to write before you write by Mrs. Head.

Pray give my love to my aunt and cousin the next time you write. I wish them good luck in disposing of Cæsar; though I cannot think who will have him, except it be a blind man who is in want of a dog to lead him. If you have not thought of it yourselves, I shall put you and Frederick in mind of making your *Syr. Pap. Errat.* I think this is about the same time of year that Frederick and I gathered

them. It would be a nice job for Mr. Coar and him.

I again say that I hope you and my mother and Emma and Frederick will all write to me.

Inclosed you will find a letter to Frederick, in which I have said what I have to say to him about his exercises. Tell him I think he should keep one of Tom's pairs of young ones for breeding, as Tom will most likely leave off having young ones soon, as he is four or five years old, when—your favourite, Præd. Rust, says—pigeons usually leave off: he adds, likewise, that they should then be killed; but I by no means wish Tom to be served so. I have nothing more to say but to desire my love to all my relations, and to assure you that I am

Your affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

Near Ipswich, Saturday, before breakfast.

P.S.—I have just received a quarter's salary of Mr. H. I understood that the agreement was for thirty-five guineas a year. Mr. H. paid

pounds; and as I was not quite certain, I did not say anything. Pray let me know about this when you next write.

Sunday.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

Mrs. H. returned from Tottenham on Tuesday evening. I am glad you are all so well.

Alfred wrote to me on the 10th of July—his letter reached me on the 12th. He was not so particular as I could have wished. He desired me to write to him, which I did—a whole sheet full of questions; though I have doubts whether my letter reached him. . . . I am glad that you took the resolution you did about Mr. Savage. He is a remarkably pleasant man, and gets acquainted with people in half-an-hour. I am not surprised that you have so little to do at present. I suppose the coolness of the season preserves people's health, and gives them an appetite for that corn which the same season will not suffer to get ripe.

I am surprised at your calling that a dis-

covery about caprificus. If I had not thought of the lines you mention, I should have recollected Horace's "olim truncus eram ficulnus." In the same satire he begins a line (which I need not quote) with "Ficus."

I had a letter the other day from Greville. He used to be a very laconic correspondent, but has profited by my exhortations so much, that his last letter was written quite full, twice over, and in some parts three times. . . . I got up at five yesterday morning, and wrote so far; when the fineness of the weather tempted me to take a walk before breakfast, as far as a little stream about a mile off; where I had a very pleasant ablution.

Mrs. H. has delivered me a message about mending clothes, &c. She has recommended me to a woman to whom I shall send what I want to be done in that way. My stockings are entirely whole in the feet, but some of them have little holes in the upper part. . . . I have left off my Index, in consequence of what Mr. Savage said about *Siberus his*, though I

should like to see it ; for if it is only an index of the matter, it would be no hindrance to mine, which I intended for an index of words. In the meantime I must console myself with thinking on Scapula, who had spent a great deal of time on his lexicon before he heard of Stephanus' "Thesaurus." "When I first read the title," says he, "I thought I had lost my labour ; but upon looking a little further, I found enough difference in our plans to induce me to go on."

Emma inquires whether I have a good washerwoman. I think she is an honest old soul, and skilful in her vocation ; but Mrs. H. says she is not a good mender,—and perhaps it may be as well not to employ her in that way, as she might be tempted, while exercising one of her functions, to make herself work in the other ; as a bricklayer when tiling a house makes a hole in the gutter for the sake of his friend the plumber,—for poor folks must live as well as gentlefolks. This puts me in mind of a gentleman whom I saw the other day at the races. He had broken his arm, and seemed to

be in great torture; but the surrounding mob did not pity him, because he could afford it better than many a one. . . . Frederick's account of the pigeons is a good deal like that which the Spaniard gave to Robinson Crusoe of the state of population in his island—by the bye (now we talk of islands) I think Fred's name should be spelt without a "k," though he spells it with one himself.

I am rejoiced at the good news you tell me of the gold. Perhaps you may like to have some account of the state of my finances:—my riches amount to 11*l.* 16*s.*; deduct from this 6*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* which I possessed before my coming hither, and there remains 5*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* These receipts are to the end of one quarter; but the expenses till now. I have had several things to pay the first quarter which will not be to be paid this quarter—such as expenses of journey, &c.

I have begun "*Phædrus*" with the two eldest boys. Mrs. H. made a great deliberation about what book they should begin by. I

recommended "Phædrus." She said she wished them to begin by some historian. I asked her what historian? She had read most Latin authors, she said, but it was so long ago that she did not remember anything about them: at last, however, the "Phædrus" was bought. She was surprised at its being in verse. I told her it was in iambics—which she seemed to understand; though to my knowledge she does not know the difference betwixt verse and prose (in Latin) except by the manner of printing....

When you write to my Aunt Miller, remember me kindly to her and W. H. and Mr. R. . . . I think that was very pretty of Billy Shaw which F. tells me of him.

Give my love to all my relations, and to Mrs. Oldfield. I am very glad to hear she is going on well. And believe me

Your affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

Sent on Tuesday.

These are all that remain of the letters written from Mr. Head's. They give perhaps

a better idea than any description can of the qualities that in after life lent so great a charm to his conversation. To those who have enjoyed it, they must suggest that inimitable manner so wholly devoid of all pretentiousness, so expressive yet apparently half unconscious, that gave so much effect to every good thing that fell from him. They must recall that keen, yet refined satire, that cut so sharply as to be almost unfelt by an obtuse mind; that natural and easy flow of illustration that without the slightest display could not but give some idea of the store from which it came; that lively and humorous turn that pervaded his view of all things—that, like the sun, made every drop of water sparkle with its own reflected brilliancy, and shed a brighter hue on the meanest object on which it rested. They show, too, how early he had learned the great lesson,—that a man's success in life depends upon his own exertions, rather than upon adventitious assistance.

There is no precise remembrance of the exact time of his leaving Mr. H.; but that it

was before the close of the year 1805 is clear by a letter still remaining from his school friend Mr. Murphy, in which, after thanking him for a letter of December 30th, 1805, he says, "I am heartily glad of your removal from Mr. Head's, for I am certain you did not like it. I wish I was now going to Cambridge." This extract suggests the cause that made that removal necessary.

The year which had opened with so many anxieties to Mr. Maule, had become brighter as it wore on; and besides, it was necessary to form some more definite plan for the young lad's future, and that was probably much affected by the urgent advice of Mr. Wallace—a name often mentioned in the preceding letters. This gentleman, a great friend of his father and mother, was a very clever as well as a most kind, agreeable, and genial man. He had a school of great repute nearly opposite where Mr. Maule lived, and knew well the talents and disposition of young Henry, who had received his first instruction under him, before going to

Greenford, and in whom he always continued to feel a very strong interest.

After the fatigues of the day were over, it was the frequent habit of Mr. Wallace to come over to Mr. Maule's to pass an hour of relaxation in the society of those who were so well fitted to enjoy as well as to take part in his conversation; and as he was a great Tory and Mr. M. a very decided Whig, there was, in the days of Pitt and Fox, one subject ever ready for warm and animated, though friendly discussion. On these occasions Mr. W. was never weary of returning to the subject of his young friend Henry, and at this period was constant in strongly urging his peculiar fitness for a university career. He provided every information as to the necessary expense, and best mode of procedure; and being fully seconded by Mrs. Maule, finally succeeded in having his views adopted by Mr. M. also. As soon as this was decided, it became clear that no purpose could be answered by his remaining to teach little boys of eight and nine *hic, hæc, hoc*;

though no doubt the time passed with them was far from ill-spent, even with a view to his future advancement.

Thus the close of the year, which at its beginning had seen young Henry started into life as an instructor of others, saw him return once more to be a student himself, and to remain under home influences for a longer period than he had been since he had first gone to Greenford in 1799. Those influences were all excellent in their various ways. His father, in the midst of his professional occupation and domestic cares, had always cherished his classical taste, and took a strong interest in his son's studies—while his mother was the mainspring of everything cheering and ennobling; and both abounded in excellent sense.

The brothers and sister were united by the warmest affection, and were brought up in an atmosphere of truth and reality that enabled them to understand and second their parents' wishes. The children never wanted to get anything out of their parents. All had one

common interest in exercising economy—an economy, not of that mean and sordid kind that screws others for some personal advantage or display, and thus narrows and debases the mind,—but that truly noble and elevating economy that practises self-denial in order to act with justice and liberality to others, and to be independent of the temptations that abound in all professions.

If Mrs. Maule knew how to be careful, she knew also how to spend with a liberal hand. She lived with the greatest simplicity, but inherited the Quaker's love of good, substantial things; and considered everything well laid out that was likely to tend to her children's advantage, and more especially in the way of education.

The letters at this time written to his friend Sam. Murphy [for though they do not exist, the replies still preserve some reflection of them] told of the various pleasures, besides study, that his return home brought;—renewed intercourse with their old friends—a visit to

their former haunts at Greenford,—with some regret for the fate of the row of poplars that had given so much trouble and expense, and afterwards so much pleasure to their old friend Mr. Maule. But like a true picture of human life, it was not of pleasant things only that they told;—a dark cloud gathered, and for a time threatened to break over him, though it seemed happily to pass away. Frederick had a most alarming and tedious illness—the beloved Frederick, who was not only his favourite brother, but his pupil, his half-son,—whose exercises it was his pleasure to correct while he spent seven hours with his pupils, and read for his own improvement,—and whose studies he ever after directed. Frederick had not been thought delicate as a child, but after the first threatenings of consumption had appeared, it was remembered that as a little creature he had been once nearly frozen to death while the elder children were playing in the garden in very severe weather; and it was thought that might have impaired the power of his lungs,

and been the cause of his frequent colds, which however had not been serious.

During their childhood, while Henry often had attacks of fever, with a capricious and difficult appetite that frequently turned aside from the good plain food provided for him—on which occasions his mother would make those nice things to tempt him, of the excellence of which he would often speak in his latest days,—Frederick was always ready to take what was given him, and was thought the heartiest of the family.

Never were brothers more fitted to benefit each other. Two years younger, and of a mild and gentle disposition, Frederick seemed as the feminine complement to Henry's more wayward and determined nature. While the one at this early period began already to show signs of eccentricities that would have their way, the other was the most domestic and docile of boys. Frederick looked up to Henry as his leader and superior, while he in his turn learned to admire Frederick as one who had

more facility in acquiring knowledge, and to respect him as one who had less to repent of, than anyone he had ever known.

The following letter was written to his sister, who had gone to spend the season at Bath with his mother's friend, Miss Tucket, to whom the first part of the letter is addressed by Mrs. Maule.

Edmonton, March, 1806.

MY DEAR EMMA,

If what follows of this letter is very badly written, you must not blame me for it—for you know I generally write a very good hand,—but the shortness of the time ; as it is now half-past three, and this must be despatched by four.

My mother has charitably left me a bit of news to tell you—we have had a letter from Alfred, dated St. Salvador, Nov. 22nd. It is a long letter upon a sheet and half of large paper. He had been very well all his voyage. He gives a description of the “Streatham” striking against the “Britannia.” The latter sank a short time after, though all lives but one were

saved. The "Streatham" was in momentary fear of the same fate, but escaped with considerable damage to masts, rigging, &c. We have since heard by the public prints that they have taken the Cape of Good Hope. Alfred says he is tired of his voyage, and longs for the end of it.

My father was at the assembly last night. He sported a most dashing pair of spanish-leather pumps, with soles about as thick as this paper. He danced with a young lady of Mrs. D'Aguilar's acquaintance. The pony goes on very well, and my pigeons *à merveille*: they have had several pairs of young. I have read Carr's travels. The most entertaining parts of the book are those which have nothing to do with travelling—such as the anecdote concerning Oliver Cromwell's scull, &c.

You can't think what a politician I am grown. I read the papers almost every day at the subscription room, and know when a Hamburg mail has arrived as soon as any one in Edmonton.

I made another attempt at seeing the ghost

last night about ten o'clock, accompanied by T. T. Coar : but I suppose it stood in awe of the orthodox cock of his hat ; for, like the ghost in Hamlet, "he wore his beaver up." If I go on at this rate, I shall leave no room to request my best respects to Miss Tucket, and to assure you how much I am

Your affectionate Brother,

W. H. MAULE.

In October, 1806, he went to reside at Cambridge, and a few days afterwards began to write the following letter to his mother :—

MY DEAR MOTHER,

As I am sure you will be anxious to know how I am situated, I shall detail my adventures from the time I left Edmonton.

I arrived at the "Sun" about ten minutes past three, after a pleasant ride and much less starvation than I expected. I dined with Holt at the "Sun," and afterwards called on O'Callaghan and supped at his rooms. I slept at the "Sun," and after breakfasting there, sallied forth to

Mr. Lambert's, who was very kind and obliging. I then went to my tutor's, and afterwards went in company with his servant to provide myself with a gown, cap, surplice, and lodgings. My lodgings are at Mr. Tapling's, Shoemaker, Trumpington Street. They are comfortable, and as reasonable as any I could get—twelve shillings a week. Of course I find myself in coals and *everything*, even brooms and chamber service. The bills are sent in to the tutor; but as I marketed for them myself, you may suppose I was as economical as possible. You would be surprised (at least I was) at the number of articles one has to buy—tea-kettle, tea-pot, coal-scoop, brooms, candlesticks, &c., &c. On Wednesday morning I breakfasted at Mr. Lambert's, and then went to Mr. Jones. From him to Hudson, the lecturer, to ask about lecturing with the men of the second year, which I am to do. Hudson examined me for nearly an hour in Euclid, &c. After dinner I called on Brandreth, who is in good lodgings in the town. He gave me some

useful information, and lent me some books. Holt has rooms in college. The next time you write to the Millers, inquire when W. H. comes to college. Excuse the badness of this writing—it is partly owing to the thickness of the ink. I hope to write my next letter better. Pray let me hear from you soon. How is Frederick? I have dined in hall, and been to chapel—there is nothing very formidable in either of them. A gown and cap cost about 4*l.* 10*s.* I have not been asked for caution-money.

Thursday morning.—I have attended a classical lecture. In the lecture-room I recognized an old schoolfellow, Graham. The ale is extremely good, but not strong. The lecturer mentioned as many books as filled one side of a quarter of a sheet of paper with their names, which it would be proper to consult upon the subject of the lectures: they are to be had at the Circulating Library. Tuesday and Wednesday were very rainy, but to-day is very fine. I get up every morning to chapel at seven. Breakfast a little before eight.

Lectures at ten. Dinner this week at three; afterwards at two. Chapel again at half-past five. Tea at my lodgings. My breakfast, consisting of bread and butter, is fetched from the college buttery. Of course I use my own tea and sugar. I am sorry to have to say that I find Cambridge to be even more expensive than I expected; but whatever the strictest economy can perform, you may expect of me.

Give my love to my father, Frederick and Emma, and my best respects to Mr. Wallace, &c.

Mr. Lambert is well, and desires compliments to Mr. Dashwood. Have you heard anything more about exhibitions? If you should hear from Alfred, pray let me know. I hope to hear from you soon.

I remain, my dear Mother,

Your truly affectionate Son,

W. H. MAULE.

Cambridge, Thursday evening.

P.S.—My trunks are arrived safe—cost 5*s.* 3*d.*

Friday night; sent Friday evening.

Cambridge, Tuesday evening,
MY DEAR MOTHER, November 11, 1806.

Your letter of November 3rd arrived in due time, and it gave me great pleasure to hear you were all well. I intended to have seen Mr. Doncaster, and did call on him several times, but could not find him; and to-day the porter of Christ's told me that Mr. D. had been at Cambridge on Sunday, but had left on Monday. They tell me at Jesus that W. Miller has taken his name off the boards, and they add that he is gone or going to Oxford, which I hope is not true. For my part, I think he could not do better than come to Trinity, which is certainly superior to every other college in every respect.

I was much obliged to Mr. Wallace for discovering that I for once have imitated an action of Mr. Pitt's; but I hope neither he nor you will expect me to emulate that great statesman, now no more, as those (in my year) who excel me are much more numerous than those whom I excel.

On Thursday I am to undergo the ceremony called matriculation, in the Senate House. It consists chiefly in swearing to observe rules and statutes; among' others, not to play at marbles, or drive hoops. Give my best compliments to Mrs. Comyn—I delivered her letter to Mr. Davies the same day I arrived here. On Friday we take the Sacrament.

Trinity College keeps a very good table: mutton, beef, veal, pork, potatoes, greens. This is by no means the case at other colleges, where they frequently have short commons. On feast-days, which happen at Trinity frequently, we have fowls, ducks, rabbits, geese and turkeys, in addition to our ordinary fare. I continue to like my lodgings very well. I like Cambridge the better the longer I stay at it. The time passes extremely quick, and indeed I think if there were more than twenty-four hours in a day, I should be at no loss how to spend them. Pray make a fair speech for me to Miss Tucket. I hope she continues well. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs.

Wallace, and to Messrs. Coar and Sons. I am glad to hear T. T. C. continues to *improve*. I think if he were to try his hand at Miss Dale, the coal merchant would have but little chance. The weather here is very mild for the time of year, and I suppose is milder at Edmonton.

Direct for the future to me at Trinity College, for I shall receive it sooner and more conveniently. I have not yet called on Mrs. Chapman, but mean to take an opportunity of doing it.

My great cup was not broken, but I do not use it in common, for fear of accidents. G. Holt likes Cambridge pretty well. He and I frequently see one another over a *cup of tea*. How does Mrs. Oldfield go on?—remember me kindly to her. I should have written sooner, but I wished first to have seen Mr. Doncaster. I hope it is not true that W. Miller has proved a deserter. Give my love to Mrs. Miller the next time you write to or see her. I hope Emma's arm is recovered.

With love to my father, brother and sister,
I am

Your affectionate Son,
W. H. MAULE.

Let me hear from you soon.

At Christmas, when the first bill was sent in, Mr. Maule had the pleasure of finding the following lines added by the college tutor :

“Mr. Jones has great pleasure in acquainting Mr. Maule that he has received from his two assistant tutors, Mr. Carr and Mr. Hudson, an extremely good report of the manner in which Mr. W. H. Maule acquits himself at their lectures.

“He attends the lectures upon the mathematical and philosophical subjects not with the undergraduates of his own year, but with those of the year above.”

PART II.

OF his college career but very few records remain. Occasional glimpses, suggestive only of what is unseen, may be obtained through allusions in his friend Murphy's letters, and in those from home.

In January, 1807, Murphy thanks him for a letter written in October, 1806, immediately after his arrival at college. In it he says, "I am no politician, but do not let that deter you from your wonted habit of writing in that style, as nothing gives me greater pleasure than having your opinion, as I am well aware you are not biassed by party, and will speak the truth."

Again, in May, 1807 :

"You could not have given your friend

Murphy greater pleasure than an account of the happiness you are enjoying in the midst of your studies and your old schoolfellows; and not less satisfaction does the honour you have obtained impart to him."

By Murphy's letter of February, 1807, he appears at that time to have contemplated following the medical profession.

"I must also upbraid you with the same fault I have Cavendish, which is writing too wide. I hope the next will be closer than this, if you can make it so. Tity (his school name), you must be now a great and learned member of society—I must wish you every success you may have anticipated. I own such a profession would never have suited me. I am not a great friend to the sight of blood—the quill and ink to me is not so bad as the lancet and jalap. When I grow rich and return to England, I suppose I shall be getting the gout, or some other such complaint—I certainly will call on

you. I must own to you, Tity, you are my most constant correspondent, yet you sometimes slacken. Rest assured, as often as you favour me, and perhaps oftener, you will be troubled by your affectionate and sincere friend."

August, 1807.—Murphy acknowledges a letter of June 29th:—"for which receive my sincerest thanks, although it was not very long. I applaud and rejoice in the resolution and promise you have made of *boring* me by *every* packet—you cannot confer a greater favour than sticking punctually to it.

"I admire Sir F. Burdett's fancy as to being chaired, and can easily imagine the magnificence of his triumph, from what I saw at Brentford. Remember me to my old friends most kindly—I long to be among you all. I fear it was your fault not speaking with W. Ponsonby, unless he wished to cut you; but I cannot think that of him. I am glad to hear Joseph is still in a snug berth, and singing

the immortal achievements of the Greenford Youth—their gladiators, their impregnable castles, and the Knight of the Black Robe, our good old friend Mr. Maule.”

February 7th, 1808.—Murphy acknowledges of letter of December 2nd, and full of affection for his two favourite schoolfellows, adds: “I hope you are on terms of intimacy with Cavendish, and am sorry to hear of the coolness of your first ‘How d’ye do.’”

November 1, 1807.—This day two months you sat down to give me a few lines indeed. I tried to give your pun of the *passers* and *passeres*—a swallow, but it would not pass. If you have cause of complaint as to the monotony of your present life, what do you suppose I might not say?

I should be very happy to participate some of it with you instead of the variety that I see. M. refers to questions in the letter alluded to: “Tell me what is the talk in Jamaica about our differences with the Americans.

What is thought will be the consequences of the abolition of the slave trade.

January, 1809.—After acknowledging a “kind letter,” Murphy says: “I met with an old Trinitarian the other day, who is acquainted with you; he tells me you are a hard fagger, and he has no doubt of your success.”

February, 1810.—Reproaches him for a long silence, having promised an account of your peregrination and the profession you had determined on.

May, 1810.—M. acknowledges letter of March 6 from Edmonton; after congratulating him on his degree and complaining he had not yet mentioned his profession, his old school-fellow adds: “I feel some amazement at the infrequency of your meetings with our old Greenfordian friends. When I reflect that we were once so intimate, I can scarcely figure to myself that coolness can have taken place with any; yet the mind is as variable as anything else. Cavendish I know you are not very

thick with, but were there no others with whom you held the friendly conference?"

A passage from Mr. Murphy's last letter, which has been already quoted from, may serve as a commentary upon the foregoing: "I subjoin a list of our Greenford school-fellows. If he did not keep up any friendly intercourse with them, it will bear out in his subsequent progress what I have said of his tenderness about making advances to boys of high families."

Yet that he was willing to accept and return genuine affection appears from his correspondence with Charles C. Greville, which was certainly kept up till 1808.

From his Brother.

March 23, 1807.

MY DEAR HENRY,

We were all glad to hear you were well, and I hope you will continue so, in spite of *cramming*, which, whether of the body or the

mind, sometimes proves hurtful to the health. We ourselves are all very well, and Emma, from whom we received a letter on the 20th, was so likewise, and said she would write by Mrs. Smith, who was to come up in about a fortnight from that time, so that it appears their stay will at least be till the middle of April.

Your information to T. Shillitoe had been preceded by a letter from Hodson at Cambridge, and he had sent down a cargo. You will receive another letter from Murphy, which arrived last week.

* * * * *

My mother found Mrs. Ray as well as could be expected at the time she went there; and she has been down to see Mr. Barker, who is very well, and did me the honour to invite me to dine with him with my father and mother a few Sundays ago, which invitation I accepted.

I still continue to read some Latin or Greek every day, and have got into the twenty-seventh

book of Livy, the ninth of Virgil, and the fifth of the Iliad, and hope to be soon in want of something else. I think there is need of some application in me, particularly, as my father said the other day, I must begin next October to attend lectures in London. I do not know how well I shall be qualified, but however nothing in this world is certain, or the Duke of Portland would not now be first Lord of the Treasury, and his party in the room of "all the talents and integrity of the nation."

My father and mother are gone to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson at Tottenham, who have been here and brought with them Mr. Pollock, brother of one who is at Trinity College.

Mrs. Miller and William are very well, and mean to go to Cambridge next month.

The "Sarah Cristiane" is arrived, and I hope we shall hear by it from Alfred; it left Madras October 10th, 1806.

From his Mother.

MY DEAR W. HENRY,

I assure you, before we received your letter we began to think you had entirely forgotten that there was such a place as Edmonton. Your letter to your cousin relieved our anxiety a little; perhaps you will say I have been in no great haste to answer your letter. I waited, thinking to send your watch at the same time.

* * * * *

Yesterday I dined at your aunts; they are well. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, of Bruce Castle, called upon them; my sister and William very soon returned the call. Mrs. Miller likes them very much.

Mrs. Roberts has likewise called upon them. They appear as if they would be sociable with their neighbours at last, which I am very glad of. I have just said to Frederick, "I suppose you have told Henry all the news?" "I have not told him any," he says. I suppose he deals in

nothing but the beautiful and sublime, from me you must be contented with things of a more common nature. I have sent you a pair of black silk stockings, which I have repaired; they will be useful to you for common wear. There is another letter from Murphy; I am glad to hear by your last he was well. We had a long letter from Emma about a week ago, she and Miss Tuckett were well, and spending their time very pleasantly indeed; they say nothing of returning. I rather think it will be about the end of next month.

We are expecting letters from Alfred every day. I hope we shall have good accounts.

Mrs. Atkinson's family of Tottenham are a very agreeable family, we drank tea with them a short time ago with a party. Mrs. Pollock and her eldest son were there; I believe he is a barrister—a very pleasant young man. He came with them when they drank tea with us. I rather think he is an admirer of Miss Atkinson's.

I heartily wish you success in your scholarship—

'Tis not in mortals to command success.

But we'll do more, Sempronius : we'll deserve it.

Do you not think this is exactly like your mother?—truly, I think so myself.

I had an agreeable visit at Mr. Ray's; they have since been at Edmonton. When I was with them in town I happened to like some fine noyau which I tasted when there: it would have been a wonder, you will say, if I had not; the day they came to Edmonton Mr. Ray was so good as to leave me a bottle—what do you think of that? I suppose you think you would like to taste it, have not I guessed right? If I write much more you will think I have tasted it already.

Pray let us hear from you soon. Your aunt and cousin propose coming to Cambridge next month. I can send the watch by them. We were very glad to hear your lodgings are comfortable. Your father and brother, who are sitting by me, send their kind love and

assurance of their high consideration; and believe me your very affectionate mother,

H. MAULE.

Mrs. Oldfield is well; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace are well, and often inquire after you.

From his Brother.

November 12, 1807.

DEAR HENRY,

We are all very glad to hear you are so well settled in rooms; but at the same time very anxious about what follows. On Tuesday last, November 10, we sent by "Tele." a parcel containing a letter from Emma, another from Murphy, a pair of your shoes, and a shirt which had been forgotten. Now as your letter was sent on Wednesday, it seems to us as if some evil-disposed persons had intercepted the parcel; and what increases our terrors is that there has lately been a very violent advertisement from the post office denouncing sundry enlarged penalties against letters in parcels. If you have not received the parcel, write im-

mediately and let us know, that measures may be taken accordingly ; but if you have received it, you need not write yet—let this suffice for the parcel. I heartily wish you may rout your adversary in declamation, which I think cannot fail, considering you have the best side. Perhaps you may manage to embellish with a little from Johnson's thoughts on agriculture, with the addition of a little from Plato, Aristotle, Cicero and yourself.

My mother will send you this or next week the tea for your friend, and at the same time, a smaller quantity for yourself ; but we shall not write any letter by that for fear of accidents.

We are all pretty well ; I to be sure had on Sunday a little febris symptomatice ex inflammatione podicis, per nimis duram in equitando sellam, but am now pretty much recovered.

Mrs. Oldfield was well when we saw her, and much in the same way as you left her.

On October 23rd, Mr. Abernethy, assisted by my father and Mr. Cline, performed on Mr. Barker the operation of Lithotomy, and

extracted a stone—very large. He is still in a rather doubtful way, but they have pretty good hopes of him.

Mrs. Miller returned a few days ago, but Emma tells me she has told you all about it; they are well.

I tremble to say that I have been as yet disobedient, and not fumigated the room—but I will very soon. Miss Tucket* sets off (intends) on Monday, November 30th, with her own carriage and horses.

What do they say with you about the comet? I think it has now left our part of the system. Billy Shaw has invited me to go to the London Hospital to hear a lecture, which invitation I have accepted, though not specifying the time. N.B. I forgot formally to acknowledge the receipt of the 2*l.* of your friend.

We have just asked the "Tele." coachman about your parcel; he says he delivered it to the other coach, and will inquire about it to-morrow.

* With whom his sister went to Bath for the season.

My mother and Emma are now gone to the Birkett's, as it has cleared up. There is only room left to say,

Your affectionate Brother,

F. MAULE.

December, 1807.—His mother writes in approval of his wish to remain at Cambridge during the approaching vacation, adding her usual advice: "That your endeavours may be ultimately crowned with success, you may believe, my dear Henry, is our anxious wish; but be sure you take great care of your health."

January 18th, 1808.—His father writes, and after relating the anxiety they had been suffering from Mrs. Miller's alarming illness, adds: "I hope your aunt will be well enough in a few days to admit of your mother going to town, when she will pay your bill, which we all think very reasonable. Indeed I rely perfectly on your honour and discretion, and

shall think myself amply repaid for the exertions your education costs me, if it be but productive of your benefit and happiness.

From his brother Frederick.

February 18, 1808.

DEAR HENRY,

We begin to think it long since you have written to inform us of your health and situation, but I believe you may recriminate, and so I am now going to dissolve our side of the obligation. Strange have been the numerous revolutions which have taken place here, and more are in embryo: you have been informed of our beginning to sport wheels (Miss Tucket's phrase). That good lady having in many of her letters expressed an earnest desire of seeing our mother, in addition to her party at Bath, at last about a fortnight ago informed her that Mr. Whitehead and one of his daughters were going there in a day or two, and by the next post, came a letter from Miss A. Whitehead, inviting her to come and

pass the night previously to setting off; she in consequence exerted herself to prepare the necessary habiliments for her journey and set off. We have received one letter to tell us of her safe arrival, and of the raptures excited by it in the whole circle.

There has been here last week a very heavy fall of snow, and a violent wind, which however in this neighbourhood has not done any damage that I have heard of.

Mrs. Miller, whom I saw last night, is now in the last stage of convalescence from her very severe attack.

Our horse is a very nice beast, I cannot say whether I like him better to ride or drive; in the latter accomplishment I am already an adept, having never since the second attempt driven over the footpath, or made any *faux pas*. I think now that I may safely defy you in one thing, at least till you have had some practice in the Phætonteal art.

We were much surprised at the smallness of your bill, and fear you have not only not been

extravagant, but that your apartments can hardly be supplied with every necessary convenience. I see by the newspaper that Sedgwick, who, I think you said, was expected to be Senior Wrangler, was not so, but that honour was obtained by one* whose name I forget.

I still continue to think that the fumigation I gave your room succeeded in destroying the offending odour.

Mrs. Oldfield is a great comfort to us during the absence of my mother, which is to be for a month I believe.

I attended the day before yesterday at Mrs. Worsfold's, at the Marsh-side, to see Sir William Blizzard extirpate a tumour from the old lady's arm, and by his request stayed the whole of that day and the next night at the house to be ready to control any hemorrhage that might arise from the divided vessels, which not happening, I passed my time undisturbed. Sir William Blizzard was informed by my

* Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale.

father of my complaints ; he advises the warm bath twice a week ; and, says he, " If it don't do him good, I'll be hanged !"

I remain your affectionate Brother,

FREDERICK MAULE.

I sent you another Murpheat letter, a few days ago, marked " By December packet, 1807."

There was nothing of interest in the letter alluded to, beyond an acknowledgment of one written from Cambridge in October 1807.

From the Tutor of Trinity to his Father.

Trinity College, June 5, 1808.

DEAR SIR,

I am very happy in the opportunity again afforded me of signifying my sincere congratulations on the success of your son in the annual examination at Trinity College. In the arrangement of the classes made last night, his name appears in the first class, and it is my duty to say that he has derived the highest

credit from his examination. That he may still continue to meet with the success due to his great merit, is the sincere wish of, dear sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

T. HUDSON.

From his Mother.

Edmonton, February 15th, 1809.

MY DEAR W. H.,

How have you fared at Cambridge with the water? We have been almost drowned; in many houses in Tottenham it was as high as the tables in the sitting-rooms; we have been much troubled with the water in our kitchens—even in the front one; we are not clear of it yet, but we have reason to be thankful we have not suffered more, considering the terrible accounts we are daily hearing. We shall be very glad to hear from you soon. I hope you have escaped colds; say how your eyes are, pray take what care you can of them, read as little as you can by candlelight.

* * * * *

Miss Tucket and Emma left us for Bath, on

Tuesday the 7th. I had a letter from them on Monday last, and find they did not arrive before Friday, at half-past four in the afternoon, though they had four horses half the way. Bath has suffered much from the water; indeed, Miss Tucket said she thought they had great reason to be thankful they had arrived safe, when they saw the terrible devastation which had been made in the roads; her servant William, who went down in one of the coaches, was overturned in the night, had no bones broken, but was obliged to walk three miles to the next town, up to the mid leg in mud and water; the mail was overturned in the same lane that night.

Mr. Doncaster was all night, about a month ago, at Mrs. Miller's; he was in high spirits, quite pleased with his situation. Your aunt and cousin are both well. Your father and I drank tea with them on Monday last; it was William's birthday, he is now twenty. They inquired when we wrote, and sent their love. I hope you will be able to give us a good

account of your health; take great care of yourself; health is much sooner lost than regained.

[Unfinished.]

From his Brother.

July 26th, 1809.

MY DEAR HENRY,

With this you will receive, enclosed, 5*l.* per "Tele.," on the 27th July. We are all well notwithstanding a violent storm during the night; the loudness of the thunder and the frequency of the lightning equalled, if it did not surpass, anything I ever witnessed. We should have been very glad to see you if it had been convenient for you to come up; but I daresay you can employ yourself in a much more satisfactory manner at Cambridge.

Mr. Wallace and Mr. Shaw are just returned from Scotland; Mr. Wallace is in high spirits, having found his relations all in good health, and well situated. He thinks the country very much improved in the sixteen years that he has been away from it.

William A. Shaw had been down to Portsmouth, to assist in taking care of the sick and wounded soldiers from Corunna; he came up just before his father set off, and, during his absence, has packed himself off as an hospital mate, in the grand expedition, so that if we ever see him again, he will be able to tell of wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes among the Mynheers.

I believe I shall begin my career in October next. We are looking out for an apprentice; if there is none to be had, I do not know what is to be done.

Several alterations have taken place in this part of the country since you left it: all the firs at Sir James Lake's are cut down and taken away; this was done by the Lakes, and when they had sold them, the Lord of the Manor claimed the price of them, as they grew upon the common. Tottenham Cross has been cased with a composition resembling stone, and surrounded with an iron railing; it makes a very handsome appearance. The old house that

Mrs. Coar lived in is pulled down. Mrs. Coster (formerly Betty, and Mrs. Oldfield), called this morning; she is very well, and inquired kindly after you.

The Millers are well, and going on as usual, except William, with his spots floating before his eyes. We told him what you said about them, and he begins to be reconciled to them. The Sunday before last we all dined there, and met Dr. and Mrs. Willan and family.

[No ending.]

The two following letters are inserted in memory of a college friend—a simple-minded, honest man, but not in after-life favoured by fortune, who, on that account, was one of the very few sought out in the days of prosperity; nor did the friendship end with Mr. Arnold's life, but was continued, by many acts of kindness, to his widow.

DEAR MAULE,

Next to the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, few things could be more agreeable

to me than the occasion of your writing. I have sent a letter to Mr. Davis, for to him my thanks are principally due, in which I have thanked Hudson obliquely. My obligation to him is not great; to the request of such a man he could hardly refuse compliance; and the obligation must be strong indeed which can so far conquer my indolence as to make me write a formal letter of thanks. Were I under the necessity of writing two, I should hesitate whether to esteem the obtaining Gilbuck's rooms a good or an evil. Duckworth, you say, is gone with Bland; from him who will have had such a variety of tutors, and who strips to his reading, what may we not expect? For my own part I have deferred my analytics till the 1st of July. At Stanford, you know, I did not intend to read, and at Leicester I had so many dinner invitations on my first arrival that I could not read. These, however, are growing less frequent, and on the 1st of July I shall be at the service of Manning and Wood. The Epistles of Bentley, edited by

Burney, are much talked of here; have you seen them? If you have not, spare no pains to get a sight of them. They are not to be purchased; they are distributed by the editor among his friends, so that you will find difficulty to procure them; if you can procure them, they will compensate your trouble. I urge you thus, because I know you are a warm admirer of Bentley, and reading these letters will confirm your admiration, and add to it the highest esteem of his simplicity, temper and forbearance. You will see with what reluctance he entered into his great critical controversy, and how little he had of that asperity with which his enemies so frequently reproached him. If I shall receive another letter from you any time during the vacation, it will give me the greatest pleasure; but knowing how deeply you are engaged in mathematics, and your great aversion for writing, I cannot expect such a favour.

I am sincerely yours,

W. H. ARNOLD.

Belle Grove, Leicester, June 17, 1808.

If you write again, tell me whether the grave philosopher, Bevan, still continues to study without any other end in view but the improvement of his understanding. *Pedetentim progredi* is still my favourite motto in the mathematics.

Belle Grove, January 31, 1809.

DEAR MAULE,

Here is a letter partly troublesome, partly tedious; my great box, which I ordered to be sent after me, is not come; will you have the goodness to ask Mrs. Stone when and by what conveyance she sent it. Mr. Buller wishes to get Nares's "Elements of Orthoepy," and I must trouble you for the title and book-seller's name, &c.

Thus have I despatched the troublesome part of my letter; the tedious, which you may read or not, as your genius shall direct you, here commences. I have passed the last nine days in a tumult of gaiety; our dinners and suppers have nothing to distinguish them from

other dinners and suppers, all eat and drink heartily, and by their united efforts at merriment produce a great noise. I have been at a ball, where I exerted myself at that healthful exercise, dancing, so zealously that I was elegantly ill for the whole of the next day.

I have found a prize in my father's library, "Causes Célèbres rédigées de nouveau, par M. Richer, à Amsterdam, chez Michel Rey, 1773." They are very entertaining and *acute*. The *word* brings Bevan to my recollection. If he is at Cambridge give my love to him, or, if you think it more appropriate, my respects. I have been reading Miss Edgworth's "Castle Rackrent." It is, as everything that comes from her pen, very amusing; but I like it the least of her productions. The merit of it seems to be an accurate delineation of Irish manners, a merit which is lost upon an untravelled Englishman.

I suppose you are girding your loins for a second examination; should you again succeed,

Mr. Saunder will surely think you the luckiest fellow that ever broke bread.

Your affectionate friend,

H. H. ARNOLD.

If Mr. and Mrs. Maule had had their season of anxiety with respect to the expense incurred in Henry's education, they had on that very account a greater happiness in receiving the continual assurance of his well-doing than could have been felt had the expense not been so great a consideration. Not only were the official reports always satisfactory (for, with one exception, he never failed to take the very first place in every competition into which he entered), but the accounts that reached the family from their various connections at Cambridge, always alluded to him in terms that left no excuse for anxiety about his success. His old friend Mr. Wallace, who never lost any opportunity that presented itself of hearing of him, had his favourable opinion constantly confirmed, and thought no dis-

tion too much for him ; and though he himself never encouraged any great expectations, yet there was no doubt felt in the family but that he would take a highly honourable place in the examination for a degree. They were, however, hardly prepared for the delight that was awaiting them in the following communication ; his own letter has, unfortunately, not been preserved.

From the Tutor of Trinity College.

January 19, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

It gives me great happiness to congratulate you on the very brilliant success of your son. He was this morning declared by the moderators and examiners to be the "senior wrangler."

That he may still continue to meet with the success due to his very great merit is the sincere wish of, dear sir,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

T. HUDSON.

Mr. Maule to his Son.

Edmonton, 20th January, 1810.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

I cannot express to you the feelings to which your letter gave rise, your mother and myself shed tears of joy ; nor was your brother Frederick less affected than ourselves by the pleasing intelligence of your brilliant success, on which we most heartily congratulate you. How commendable is that industry which has thus succeeded ! May it, joined with your other virtues, continue to lead you to prosperity and to happiness, it already adds greatly to that of your parents.

We hope you will not defer coming to us longer than your academical pursuits render necessary. We know you commonly express a preference to travel on the outside of the "Tele.," but I would strongly advise you, for your health's sake (the weather being so severe*), to come in the inside, and perhaps

* It is remembered in proof of the extreme severity of the season, that the ink froze in the bottle during the examination,

there is no precedent of a senior wrangler's taking an outside place. If, however, you adhere to the plan of coming outside, I should like to send you down my box coat, which, with your own great coat, will be a pretty good defence against cold. Your mother thinks the said coat might be sent to you in a trunk that might be serviceable to pack up your apparel; so be so good as to give us a few lines as soon as you can fix a day for coming to Edmonton, and say what you think of the plan of sending the coat or trunk, or both; we do not use the coat at present, as Frederick rides Jack as a hackney.

Your mother and brother unite in every good wish with

Your ever affectionate Father,

H. MAULE.

He had not returned home many days before the following letter was received by his father,

and W. H. Maule had to keep his in his bosom that he might not be impeded in his writing.

to increase, if possible, the contentment of the family party.

From the Tutor of Trinity College.

DEAR SIR,

I have again the happiness to congratulate you on your son's success. The *first* of the two prizes left by the late Dr. Smith has this evening been adjudged to him by the examiners.

I most sincerely rejoice with you, and I will beg of you to communicate the news to your son as soon as convenient; and to thank him in my name for the great credit which he has acquired both to himself and the college.

Accept my thanks for your favour of the 20th January, and believe me to be, dear sir,

Very truly,

Your faithful servant,

T. HUDSON.

The following congratulatory letter is from S. Duckworth, well-known afterwards at the Chancery Bar, and a Master in Chancery.

He was the one of his college friends who took the most lively interest in his success, so much so that he was said to have lost all thought of himself in anxiety for his friend;* their regard for each other never failed, though in after years their intimacy was not so close.

Broom Hill.

DEAR MAULE,

For very agreeable information, very speedily transmitted, I sincerely congratulate and thank you.

Though not doubting your success, I was rejoiced to get rid of all human probability. But though so much obliged, I have to scold you for not doing more. You have not told me whether Brandreth contended vigorously, the reports concerning the medals, how many pupils are certain, &c. But these and some other casualties may possibly reach me from the same pen when the medals are decided.

* The letters from him will recall to many his kind and pleasant nature, as they also show his constant desire to be of use to his friend in every way in his power, a desire that did not cease with those early days.

In spite of the agreeable flutter of spirits generated by the attentions of my father's friends, in spite of the attractions of the ledger of the late firm of Thomas Holland & Co., and in spite of a furious flirtation already commenced with a lively and beautiful young widow, I find time to wish the calm pleasures of our undergraduateship rendered permanent for life. Sometimes I am tempted to think the casualties of the last month a dream; for your sake and the honour of Trinity I hope it will not prove so.

Of my future prospects I cannot get the slightest glimpse at present. The sporting door, which created so lively an impression when viewed from the Trumpington road, is now indistinctly perceived through a medium of dinners, balls, plays, Catalini concerts. Behind this ærial sporting door Blackstone, Reid, Hume, Stewart, &c., lie, and I much fear must long lie, in dusty tranquillity. I have not yet asked my father what course of reading should be pursued by a common law

student. His answer will afford matter for my next.

Last week I spent three days in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. You will be sorry to hear that Brandreth wrote a letter on the Wednesday or Thursday of the examination, from which a gentleman to whom it was read by B.'s mother inferred that B. was certain of the senior wranglership.

Has my legacy of the lamp and letter cases reached you? I bequeathed my coffee pot to Sedge. May I trouble you to ask if he has received it, and if not will you accept of a power of attorney to prosecute my late bed-maker? Affectionate remembrances to all inquiring friends; and to yourself, after congratulations for the past, the most sincere wishes for the future from,

Yours truly,

S. DUCKWORTH.

To his Sister.

Edmonton, February 7, 1810.

MY DEAR EMMA,

You have found me of late so bad a correspondent, that a letter from me, should it want every other recommendation, will at least be adorned by the grace of novelty. It is to be feared, however, that it will resemble those natural productions which, having neither beauty nor usefulness to excite esteem, are neglected by all but the idle and the curious, and are only valuable because they are scarce. I have been so short a time in this neighbourhood, that I know not whether anything has occurred that might be interesting to you; if there has, my mother will doubtless communicate it, and I should be sorry to rob the pen of so lively a narrator, though I am unwilling to miss the present opportunity of assuring you that I am,

Your affectionate Brother,

W. H. MAULE.

MY DEAR MAULE,

March 29, 1810.

You must have been rather surprised at not having heard from me in answer to your last until now; but I deferred writing until the decision of the medals, which only took place this morning.

I am very happy to tell that Brandreth has obtained the first: the second is adjudged to Hodson.

The above extract, from the letter of a college friend, is inserted in memory of the old Greenford times. It would have been a proud day for Mr. Maule, the uncle, had he lived to see the distinction obtained by his two pupils in one year—taking the two first places in mathematics—while the one was first Smiths prizeman and the other first medallist—thus dividing between them the highest honours of the university.

The success of his old school-fellow was a matter much at heart to the nephew.

His friend, Mr. Jordan, continues: "I have

inquired of Monk, as you wished, respecting the subjects which are likely to require the attention of the next race of freshmen; but nothing has been settled respecting them yet. I will let you know as soon as it is determined.

This inquiry had doubtless been made with a view to instructing his brother, but as yet it was not intended to send F. to college; his father was anxious to supply the place he occupied with him in order that he might go to London to pursue his medical studies. The brothers, however, still pursued their respective relations of tutor and pupil.

From his Father.

Edmonton, May 29, 1810.

We were much pleased with your letter, which exceeds what we expected from your modest procœmium. We are rejoiced to think that you have the prospect of passing your summer so pleasantly; it is your mother's opinion, as well as that of several intelligent friends, whom we have consulted, viz., the

Millers, Wallace, Tuckets, &c., that the Isle of Wight is greatly preferable to Weymouth, both for pleasantness and economy. We have not yet succeeded in hearing of a successor to Frederick.

My birthday was on the 19th inst., which we agreed to keep not in a splendid, but in an economical manner; a plum pudding was mentioned, but was negatived unanimously, on account of the high price of eggs. A quarter of lamb was carried *nem. con.* N.B. the mint sauce to be raised by a voluntary contribution. Table beer and ale as usual; a debate arose after dinner with regard to wine, but as there was none open, it was voted that a cork should *not* be drawn. The company chatted cheerfully for half an hour, then dispersed to their several employments, went to bed with temperate pulses, and rose the next morning without headaches. But I resign my pen to your mother, wishing you every good wish.

Yours affectionately,

H. MAULE.

The above gives some idea of the pleasant cheerfulness of his father, a disposition which now relieved for some time, by his son's conduct, from all anxious care, he was able to indulge freely.

Far from ever having any occasion to remind him of the need of economy, he desired rather to make him feel that he was ready and able to give more than was asked for.

His father writes again June 14, 1810. After speaking of his difficulty in finding another horse to suit him, he says: "We enclose a 5*l.* note according to your request, and can spare you more if you want it. We shall with pleasure expect you on Thursday 21st inst., as you mention—to dinner; and, therefore, beg you will not be tempted to expend your appetite on the savoury cates you may chance to scent at the Bull at Hoddesdon.

Yours affectionately,

H. M.

We have no successor to Frederick.

His mother adds:—

MY DEAR H.,

We shall be very glad to see you, and as we shall have that pleasure so soon, I shall only desire you to take care of yourself; if it rains come in the *inside* of the “Tele.”

With all our love,

Yours,

H. M.

July, 1810.—Mr. Murphy writes:—“At last our ci-devant friend, Sir F. Burdett, has obtained the ultimatum of his wishes—a room in the Tower. If you retain your former desire for politics, you must be much entertained with the present proceedings, and have plenty of matter to chew the cud upon.”

This extract contrasts curiously with a letter written at the same time by his sister.

“You will be surprised to hear that William Miller was four days seen in Thomas Shillitoe’s shop, and even ventured to walk as far as Mr. Roberts’s, called there and stayed an hour

and a half. He was excited to all this by a wish to gain the signatures of some freeholders to a petition contrary to that of Sir Francis Burdett's friends. It is a pity some cause for exertion does not occur more frequently; he would, I am sure, like himself to go to the Isle of Wight, but his mother would not hear of it on account of crossing the water."

Nov. 5, 1810.—Murphy acknowledges "a very kind letter from Ryde. I need not tell you how happy it made me to find that you were so comfortably situated. Your plan of living I think an admirable one, and could feel much pleasure in participating with you in the happiness of retirement from the studious monotony of college life, though for a short period."

Aug. 1, 1811.—I should ill requite the friendship evinced by your last letter of June 3rd, did I delay answering it; you have made me very happy, I assure you, by noticing the infrequency of our letters. The weather is a

stale topic, but I cannot help mentioning the extraordinary change that has taken place here. Hitherto the oldest inhabitants have looked for what are called the May rains about the 1st of May. They have, however, kept back until now, and have been ushered in by a week or ten days most dreadful thunder and lightning. I often think of our poor old friend, your uncle, when I hear a burst of thunder, which seems to tear up the very entrails of hell. Unlike the thunder which you hear in England, as it were in the heavens, it appears here to burst all around you. Your nerves, if I recollect rightly, are of a nature that agrees not with such sounds.

Jan. 1812.—Murphy says: “The arrival of two packets within forty-eight hours of each other, brought your two letters of Oct. 1 and Nov. 5, imparting the success you and my old friend Brandreth met with at your examination. You speak of your being about to enter upon the study of the law.”

A continuation of Mr. Murphy's letter of recollection may here be given.

"He went to be a tutor to the sons of a Mr. Head, a great brewer at Ipswich; but he very shortly after used to write to me from Cambridge, and as soon as it was possible he told me of his having obtained a scholarship. His subsequent career there is well known.

"In 1812, on my arrival in England from Jamaica, where I had been about seven years, he lost no time in seeking me out, and inviting me to Edmonton.

"My own health very shortly failing, I was obliged to seek it at a distance from London, and therefore it was not till the spring of 1813 that our friendship was personally renewed. He had now entered a pleader's office, and as my time was my own, and he could make his to suit his inclinations, we were much together, and I cannot say I found him, as far as our friendship went, at all changed—he was still the same familiar, pleasing friend. I now

found out the secret of his acquiring his book-learning, for his habit was to read in bed till a late hour, and consequently, with his rambles and work by day and his reading by night, he was usually a very late riser.

“While in town in 1812, I called on one of our old Greenford schoolfellows, Thomas Shaw Brandreth, who had afterwards been contemporary with Wm. Henry Maule at Trinity College, and we spoke of his success at Cambridge; Brandreth, I understood, had been his competitor for the senior wranglership. He confessed to me that he had expected to beat Maule in mathematics, for though not doubting his transcendent abilities, he thought he must have neglected them and the opportunity of cultivating that especial branch, and as he was never out of bed till a late hour he imagined he had thrown away his time. After my return to Jamaica I had occasion to talk of your brother with other Cambridge men, his contemporaries.

“Our Advocate General, Mr. Hall of Trinity,

told me that your brother had surpassed Brandreth in mathematics quite as much as he, Brandreth, had surpassed the rest of the competitors, and that was in a very great degree." *

From Mr. Duckworth.

Manchester, 6th June, 1810.

DEAR MAULE,

I have just received a note and some papers from Mr. Ewart, and save myself the trouble of transcribing the note and altering the nominatives by sending it to you. The papers have till now been in the possession of one of Mr. Ewart's friends, of whom he wished to make a convert. I am glad he has sent you Leslie's and Playfair's letters. The parcel will go by the cheap and nasty which puts up at the Blue Boar, so that if you do not receive it in a day or two after the receipt of this letter, you will perhaps have the kindness to inquire for it. I have wished much to hear

* The semi-official rumour stated the marks obtained by the two first wranglers to be 1600 and 900 respectively.

from you concerning our common friends and yourself on your arrival at Cambridge, but the daily expectation of the arrival of these papers has till now prevented my taking the proper means for the gratification of my wish. It is now two months since any intelligence direct from Cambridge reached me. A day or two ago I received a letter from Hill, who is planting, and becoming a good saint, at or near Chesterfield. He informs me that Dicey and Poulter read with you this summer; I was glad to hear it, as they are perhaps two of the pleasantest pupils you can have. Who are your others, and where do you fix your residence? Is Bevan at Cambridge, or do you correspond with him? In either case, tell him that if it will form any inducement to him to beat up my quarters, I can get leave for him to shoot over several manors tolerably stocked with game. Have you heard anything of Arnold, Platt, Mountain, Carter, Jordan, &c.?

Brandreth has been in Lancashire some time. There were great rejoicings at Liverpool to

celebrate his honours. As you are perhaps better acquainted with the book shops, circulating libraries, &c., than any other Cantab, have you ever seen an odd volume of my Dodsley's collection of plays? It is the ninth I think. If you should see it or meet with any other ninth volume in a broken set, you will oblige me much by purchasing it. I expected to have been able long before now to have told you what course you should pursue in your legal reading, but I have never yet found any one who could say decisively what must be read and what must be done by an embryo barrister. My father says your fears of the drudgery of a special pleader's office are well founded. There are in the elegant epistles of the "Annual Register" I think for the year 1789 two letters, one from Lord Mansfield and one from Serjeant Dunning, recommending a course of study previous to the Bar. At present, however, you cannot perhaps do anything better than lounge through Blackstone.

The more I read in other books, the more I

am astonished at his skill in the compilation of this work. It is a syllabus, but a syllabus which serves at first to convey instruction in the pleasantest manner and afterwards to refresh the memory. I am convinced that the man who has Blackstone up well is no despicable lawyer. He has the great bulk of the principles, and is prepared to turn to any subject to which chance may lead him. For myself, I have been employing my time entirely in acquiring a knowledge of conveyancing, which forms one of the largest of the very many branches of the law, which will for the future occupy my attention. For practical knowledge, I spend about eight hours a day in my father's office, transferring property from one of his Majesty's liege subjects to another. When tired of writing, I take up Coke or Fearne, at which I have arrived after perusing a number of easier and more lucid treatises. I grow every day fonder of the profession, and hope that this affection will not be lessened by hearing your opinion when we meet in town. Let me hear

from you soon, if possible before you set out for your summer residence, for experience has taught me that there are places where a man may lounge more effectually (*i.e.* tediously) than at Cambridge. You will perhaps be able to peruse and make your comments on Ewart's papers in about three weeks or a month, but don't make me wait till then. If you have any questions to ask concerning your future profession, state them, and I will get them answered as opportunity may occur.

Best remembrances to all friends; and believe me yours sincerely and affectionately,

S. DUCKWORTH.

From Mr. Duckworth.

Broughton Hall, August 30, 1810.

DEAR MAULE,

Your letter found me wondering at your silence, and sometimes employing myself in framing apologies for you. That you may not retaliate in your solitary rambles about Ryde and thus lose some time, which would be

better employed in sputtering with some pebbles in your mouth and preparing to mount the woolsack, I take the only sheet of paper I can find (which, by-the-bye, is terribly scrumpled) and determine to fill it—with what? Not with a dissertation, or queries on or concerning Q V or Q G, for this is not the way, it appears, either to clear the understanding or to hear any news of our friends. Perhaps, however, this subject may answer in conversation; for really if $F = Q V$, one would take rather more pains to avoid stoops and walls, or at any rate slacken pace if we must encounter. Nor shall I endeavour to entertain you with an account of a tour to the Lakes, the unruffled glassy appearance of Grasmere, the sublimity of Skiddaw, &c. Nor shall you hear from me the agreeable incidents of a month's residence at a fashionable Lancashire watering-place: my drives and walks along the sands, with whom, and what, &c. Do you know yet what becomes of the freehold belonging to a church between the death of one parson and the appointment

of his successor? It is said to be in abeyance—in *mare, in terrâ incognitâ, in gremio legis, or in nubibus*. Just so is my tour to the lakes, just so my month's residence in a watering-place. Now when you have got here don't (though practice has made you clever at it) say—pish! Before you are called to the bar you will have to read, and what is worse to copy, stuff ten thousand times more uninteresting than the above. And what is your inducement? It is that you are paid by the sheet, and not by the sense. Is your "pish" answered? I heard again a few weeks ago from Hill. He talks of sitting for the Downing. If only Smedley and Mountain oppose him he may have some chance. He states, too, the malignant joy of White on hearing you had some difficulties to encounter on your arrival at Ryde. Did you hear of Arnold's adventure on his return home from college? If you did you ought to have sent me an account of it. If not I will state it to you in my next. I like the law better every day, and as I average five hours

per diem on it either in reading or drawing, I hope I am getting on. But though I have spent so many hours on it I have got through very few volumes, and what is worse am conscious of not remembering all I read. I go to London in October, and am to be placed with a young man whose name is Heald, a cousin of my friend Ward. I look forward with much pleasure to the time when you will leave the university and join me in the pursuit of legal fame. But in the meantime as I wish to see you rather earlier, let me know at what time you will reach Cambridge, and I will endeavour to beat up your quarters on my way to town. We shall not have much time for lounging, but we can beat up old Bevan. Let me hear from you soon. You have sufficient information for a letter in an account of your present employments and amusements, the proceedings of your pupils, of most of whom I know something, and the intelligence of your future intentions requested above. If you see Carter, my best remembrances to him. Excuse the paucity of

news in this letter, which has been written only to convince you that I still remain,

Yours very affectionately,

S. DUCKWORTH.

Broughton Hall, October 6, 1810.

DEAR MAULE,

Am not I a miracle of energy and punctuality in the epistolary line? In this respect you must yield to me. I have just now one half hour to spare, and how can it be better spent than in answering your last epistle from Ryde, for which, though short, I was thankful, as it at last proved you had not forgotten me. I have searched all the writing-desks in the house, and can find neither pen nor paper, at last in my own bed-room I have discovered a quire of scribbling paper, and a Palmer without stick. Thus accoutered I am seated at my toilet, and must attempt an answer to a letter which contains but two questions, which, by-the-by, are two more than common. As to the first kind question concerning my

appearance at Cambridge, I am afraid it must be deferred till the middle or latter end of next term, when I shall pop myself into the "Tele." and spend a jolly day or two among you. I find it more difficult, as the time draws nearer, to leave home sooner than I can help. I must be in London by the 28th instant at latest, so that you would be in Cambridge only two days. Ward and Sedge would be absent, and you would be busy unpacking and taking care of your cubs. These are the arguments which have reconciled me to this delay of a visit to which I have so long looked forward with so much pleasure.

I am astonished you have not heard of Arnold's adventure, for though of no great importance, yet it was somewhat out of the common way. Arnold, you may remember, set out (after taking his degree) in the Cheap-and-Nasty for Leicester. The day turned out very wet and bitter cold, Arnold, who was the only inside passenger, observed at some of the baiting places that one of the outside passengers

was an interesting female. She was manifestly very unwell. Energetic compassion seized the soul of our friend. His hand irresistibly impelled into his breeches pocket, drew from thence the sum necessary to pay her fare as an inside passenger to Leicester. He cherished her by the way, but all in vain. The poor damsel's pain increased every moment.

Arnold is not a man to do things by halves. After remarking to her that she would not be very well taken care of at an inn, he offered her a bed at his father's house. She accepted, and he procured it. There was a rout that night at his father's, so Arnold said nothing about his *protégée* to his father or mother. The next morning he woke late, and asking the servants how the girl was, they informed him they thought she was asleep, for they had heard nothing of her. He sent them to inquire how she did. They presently returned with tidings that she had decamped, but not without leaving a fine chubby bantling as a proof of her gratitude to and confidence in her young host. For this

bantling's maintenance and education his father has now to provide, and poor Arnold has had to sustain the jokes and gibes of a tolerably extensive provincial town.

I am glad to hear that your swallows are able to take very tolerable flights. Your account of them in some measure reminded me of the opening paragraph to the essay on public schools in the last "Edinburgh Review." I had despatched a letter to Sedge the day before I received yours, I have not heard from him. Ward wrote, and but briefly. He tells me Gilby distinguished himself very much, and has had positive assurances for the future. Rather injurious to our year, is it not? The Modests are quite cock-a-hoop at having occupied all the vacancies for two elections. I shall leave Manchester about the 26th. I have been very idle the last fortnight, and see no hope of improvement whilst I stay. But my idleness is somewhat different from Cambridge indolence. Excursions with ladies in the morning, and dinner parties in the after-

noon are at least more energetic, though sometimes not quite so pleasant as a Cambridge lounge. But the scene must soon shift again. How the next will be I cannot tell, but I should have less care about it if you were going to town now. As this letter requires no answer, you will not probably be able to send me one in return till your arrival in Cambridge.

Direct to me at Mr. Ellis's, Chancery Lane, London.

I am, dear Maule, yours sincerely,

S. DUCKWORTH.

London, Oct. 30th, 1810.

DEAR MAULE,

Your letter found me at Heald's Chambers, perplexed and bewildered beyond even the perplexities of a Hudson. I arrived in London two days ago, and went for the first time this morning to Heald, who instantly put into my hands the instructions of an Attorney for drawing a Bill in Chancery

On the face of the instructions were several palpable contradictions, a lamentable deficiency of facts, and the purpose for which the Bill was to be drawn not stated. I went to Heald and told him the circumstances. He hastily looked, found it to be so, but, instead of sending it back for further instructions, told me we must not irritate the Attorney, but draw a Bill of some kind. He then devoted about three minutes to tell me what kind of thing he imagined might be made of it, and went away. Here then was I without any knowledge of Bills in general, with no instructions for this Bill in particular when yours arrived, and though it has not removed my difficulty, it has at least introduced a gleam of future happiness. Heald tells me it does not matter a single farthing with respect to expense or any other cause, except fashion, of what Inn a man is. He, though of Gray's, recommends Lincoln's. As I see no reason for doubting this advice, I beg leave to add my wishes. I send you a book by "Telegraph" of to-morrow which will

point out to you all necessary steps requisite for admission. As to your condition in life, you will call yourself a scholar of Trinity. The certificate, to save the deposit of 100*l.*, Hudson will supply you with. I would offer myself as your fellow-bondsman, but that I think it first necessary to ask the consent of Paternal, and this, perhaps, would be more trouble than you would have in getting two housekeepers. If, however, you do not know two housekeepers here, don't hesitate to write immediately, and I will instantly obtain the consent of my father. Now I think of it, I am writing to-morrow to him, and I will ask him, that I may be ready for contingencies. The shortest mode of keeping this term is to dine in Hall on Saturday, November 14th, and the four next days. Any other information you may want I will send you immediately on receiving yours. I am not yet settled in lodgings, but you will hear of me at Heald's Chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Direct as before. Will you have the goodness to ask Hudson for, and

to send to me, the amount of the balance due to him, and apologize with due sorrow for my neglect in not paying it sooner? My best remembrances to Hill. Tell him to ask Philip for the first volume of Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and "Dodson's "Reply"; and when you come up I shall be much obliged to you to bring them with you. Tell Hill I shall write to him as soon as I have a moment's *leisure*. How could such a word find a place here? I see no prospect of leisure this term. I hope, however, this trouble will give me some experience that may be of use to you when you come up. At present I confess I do not feel quite easy. I do not see how to set about to learn the common routine of my business, and to make myself useful. This, however, must be got over in time. My best remembrances to all my Cambridge friends. In hopes of hearing from you immediately, and seeing you soon,

I am, dear Maule,

Yours affectionately,

S. DUCKWORTH.

London, Wednesday Morning.

DEAR MAULE,

I received yours this morning, and am to call to-morrow or the next day to execute the bond, so that you need not be at the trouble of finding any housekeepers. The reason I could not save you the trouble at first was—that in my partnership-articles with my father I entered into a covenant not to become bail for or bondsman with any one, and I did not know whether these articles had yet been cancelled. As they have, I had no further difficulty in warranting your quiet and sober conduct. Yesterday I went into Hall for the first time, and met there Carter and his friend Nicholson. Carter is looking very well, and is in high spirits. He purposes reading hard for the Fellowship all morning, and spending his evenings in company. Harrison is, I hear, a constant attender of Hall, but I did not see him yesterday. I ought to have said Saturday, the 7th

November, and the four next days ; I wonder how I made the mistake. When you come to town I shall be at Heald's Chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, all morning, i. e., from nine till four o'clock ; and, as there is no absolute necessity for my being there, don't fear calling as early as you can in the morning. We will go into Hall together. Best remembrances to Carr, Sedge, Gilby, Jordan, Barber, and all my old acquaintances. I have some thoughts of returning with you for a day or two.

Believe me, dear Maule,

Yours affectionately,

S. DUCKWORTH.

In the following letter, his mother communicates an important domestic event in the marriage of his sister, to whom he wrote a letter on the occasion (which has been mislaid), congratulating her on what promised so fairly for the happiness of both parties, a promise that was fully realised. Mr. Leathley

was thoroughly adopted into the family, and nothing could exceed the harmony and confidence which always existed between him and his brother-in-law.

Miss Tucket was the friend of his mother, by whom his sister had been introduced into the gay world at Bath, where Miss Maule had accompanied her for four successive seasons. The friendship continued unbroken to the last. After the death of General and Mrs. Wemyss, a niece, who had lived with them, paid frequent visits at Mr. Justice Maule's house, and her marriage took place from it, on which occasion he gave her away.

Edmonton, Dec. 11th, 1810.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

I make no doubt you are surprised at not hearing from us, but your sister's marriage, which we then thought would take place on the 8th inst., was put off till the 10th—yesterday. Your father, Frederick, and I, accompanied Emma to Church, where we met Mr. Leathley

about eleven o'clock. They went through the ceremony very well, and immediately set out for London. They meant to take refreshment at their house in Fludyer Street, and from thence go to Salt Hill. They are to return to town to dinner on Tuesday next. I am going up to-morrow to provide them a few things in their house, which is a very comfortable one, and in a very good situation. The street is a short one; and one end of it opens into the park, which will be very pleasant and convenient for Emma to walk in—indeed she may go almost the whole way to Cumberland Street through the park.

I attended Miss Tucket to Church on Wednesday last (St. George's, Hanover square), where she gave her hand to General Wemyss; they went through the ceremony very well. Mr. George Whitehead gave her away. We then returned to Cumberland Street to breakfast; the house is very nicely fitted up. You must think I was very busy—two weddings in one week. You will think we have sent you but a

small piece of cake ; there were so many we thought we must send to, we cut it nearly all up. Shall we have the pleasure of seeing you soon ? Your aunt and cousin are well ; they have sold their house, and are looking out for one in London for the winter.

His father continues :—

DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

As we have had no intelligence of your arrival at Cambridge, we conclude that you got there in safety ; you see we have parted with our dear Emma, and have no doubt but you will join with us in praying for the blessing of Providence on her future life. Several of our friends have called to-day to congratulate us on the event.

You will perhaps give us a look in during the Christmas holidays ; I suppose you will have a short respite from your pupilising labours at that festive period. As you cannot reasonably expect more news at once than the

account of two weddings, I shall subscribe myself,

Yours affectionately,

H. M.

From the Tutor of Trinity.

Dec. 16, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

As Mr. Ryan is very desirous of having the benefit of your Instruction as soon as convenient, may I beg the favour of your informing me this evening at what time you intend to return to College?

Your faithful Servant,

T. HUDSON.

DEAR SIR,

It is not my intention to leave college till the middle of January. In the mean time, if it suit Mr. Ryan's convenience, I shall be happy to be of service to him.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

W. H. MAULE.

The above notes are interesting as giving the date and the occasion of the commencement of the great friendship of his life. There were many for whom he had a sincere regard, whose affection he valued and returned, whose conversation, wit, or companionship he enjoyed. But Sir Edward Ryan stood apart from all others; he seemed, as far as such a thing could be, to approach the place that Frederick might have filled. He loved him. He was the only person he was never too ill to see, even if he could not speak.

As a proof of his entire respect and confidence, he used to say sometimes that he should like to make Ryan his master, and do every thing he told him. Whatever might be the matter in debate, he would constantly say, "I'll ask Ryan." Distance and separation made no difference; and in later days, when the many were reduced to few, it was one of the greatest pleasures of his life to have his old friend settled within easy reach of him, and to receive his constant visits.

PART III.

From his Father.

Edmonton, Jan. 7th, 1811.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

Mr. Robert Taylor having been so obliging as to offer to convey a letter to you, I would not omit such an opportunity of giving you some intelligence of our proceedings.

Frederick is going on Tuesday, 8th instant, to dine with our friends in Fludyer Street, and is to stay two nights; he had a long letter from Emma on Sunday. She appears to write in good spirits, and says she is quite well. Mrs. Miller has taken a house, 17, Holles Street, Cavendish Square; they are to go to it this week.

As we have decided that Frederick is to go to Cambridge, we think you had better take the earliest opportunity of entering his name

at some college, as there is soon to be a drawing for the militia, and his name being on the college-books would exempt him from that service. We leave the choice of the college to you, as you have, we know, reflected much on the subject of the preference to be given to any particular college.

If any sum of money is necessary to pay immediately for this purpose, you must let me know, and I will send it. Your sister in her letter said that, when you come to town, she expects you will take up your abode with them.

We were, last Thursday, at a party at Bruce Castle. Frederick went with us, and had the honor to dance with a bride ; on the whole the party was very pleasant, and we kept good hours, the company having all left the Castle by eleven o'clock.

Our neighbour, Mrs. Wallace, set off on Monday for Doddington, to stay a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Dashwood. Mr. Wallace is not gone.

Your mother desires, if you have anything

of the linen kind that you think is too much worn to be mended, to bring such articles with you; and, as we hope that will not be long, I shall now conclude with wishing you a happy new year, and assuring you of my affection.

H. MAULE.

Your mother and Frederick desire their love to you.

There was no delay in executing a commission so agreeable to him.

From the Tutor of Trinity.

DEAR SIR,

The Examiners will meet at eight this evening. If your brother should arrive before that hour and would call on me, the admission might be completed this evening; if not, it must be deferred till to-morrow morning.

Your's faithfully,

Jan. 16, 1811.

J. HUDSON.

R. M. Asylum, Chelsea, Feb. 1st, 1811.

DEAR MAULE,

You may probably have heard that

Woodhouse occasionally writes the mathematical articles in the "Monthly Review." As it is not usual, even in these days of puffing, for an author to review his own work, his two last publications have not yet been noticed, to his no small dissatisfaction.

The editor, who is a relation of my brother-in-law, applied some time ago to him to endeavour to procure a review of the books. Accordingly, the object of my present letter is to ask you whether you are disposed to commence your career of authorship by a review of one or both of the "Trigonometry" and "Isopermetrical Problems."

If the proposal meets your approbation, I will take care that you shall have no trouble about the pecuniary part of the business; but if you do not accede to it, I shall be obliged to let the matter pass in silence. Believe me, in haste,

Very sincerely Yours,

THOMAS EDWARD DICEY.*

* One of his pupils at Ryde, and Senior Wrangler in 1811.

That he accepted the proposal contained in the above letter there can be no doubt, as the rough copy of the review in question is remaining. That it was well executed there can be as little doubt, as the editor afterwards wrote, saying that the two articles he had received bespoke a mind apparently so well qualified for the office of a critic in that branch of science, that he begged the favour of knowing whether it would be agreeable to undertake some continuation of the labours so creditably commenced.

“The packet for Dicey,” mentioned in the following letters, no doubt, referred to the MS. of the Review.

To his Brother.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

It is now near one in the morning, and I have a pupil at eight. I must consequently be brief. The “Medea” is for you to read—to study.

If the packet for Dicey be not too large for the 3*d*. post, send it immediately; if it be, send it as soon as you can by the Chelsea coach, after having made a parcel of it. Write to me immediately and tell me everything you can think of that concerns yourself and the rest of the family. Do not forget to mention your progress in your studies; you can tell me of nothing more important to yourself or more interesting to me.

Yours affectionately,

Cambridge, March 12, 1811. W. H. MAULE.

From Frederick.

Wednesday, 12 at Night.

MY DEAR HENRY,

Your having said that you would write soon was all that had prevented me from informing you before this time of our proceedings since your return to Cambridge. You will not be sorry to hear that we have a prospect of soon obtaining an apprentice.

* * * * *

Mr. Hodgson has informed us that his son writes word that Alfred had been extremely ill, so as to have leave of absence to go down to the coast; when James Hodgson said, "I thought I should never see Maule again;" but that he had returned recovered—indeed, he had never seen him better. Emma is very well, and has been to see us about a fortnight ago. At the same time the Millers were down. They continue to keep Sarah; but I can understand that she is to go in the spring, if the gentleman can be persuaded to deprive himself of her charming society.

You say the "Medea," but it is the "Hecuba." Was this a mistake of yours in the book itself, or in the name only? I will read—study it. With respect to my progress, I have somewhere seen that to discover our ignorance is one step towards learning; and if I am not satisfied myself, what can you say? I find indeed that I have much to do, particularly now in classics; but perseverance and industry, I hope, may enable me to do something. I

have made some attempts at translating the Choruses of Sophocles. At the same time my attention has not been taken from mathematics, and I begin to grow more familiar with the forms and methods in most general use, as far as my reading has gone. I find in Woodhouse and elsewhere a good deal which is unintelligible to me, about fluxions, &c., and I think that, by the time you return in May, you might bring me something of the sort ; but at present I am in no hurry for it, as for some time I intend to give at least the greater half of my time to the classics.

I can remember Sallust says (for my encouragement) that there is more want of industry in the world than of leisure. Let me hear from you soon.

Our father and mother join in good wishes to you with

Your affectionate brother,

F. MAULE.

I sent your packet by post.

To his Brother Frederick.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

In your last letter you tell me that you are unable to understand certain passages in Woodhouse and in other books, in which fluxions are mentioned. You need not let this stop you. The parts of Woodhouse in which fluxions are used are not so intimately connected with his work as to render it unintelligible if they be omitted. I applaud your resolution of devoting rather the larger half of your leisure to Greek and Latin; but mathematics have still a claim on their share of your attention. I will soon send or bring you a book of conic sections, and some more algebra. Have you solved many problems? made many verses? In reading the notes of Porson it will be useful to extract, or mark with a pencil, his canons and remarkable observations, that you may be able easily to refer to them. I think I may have told you that three medals are annually given to under-graduates for a Greek ode, a Latin

ode, and a pair of epigrams. I do not think it worth your while, as you are not much in the habit of composition, to try for either of the odes, but the epigrams are worth your attention. One is to be in Latin, in the style of Martial; the other in Greek, in the style of the *Anthologia*. The most usual metre for the Latin are hexameter and pentameter, nondecasyllables; for the Greek, hexameter and pentameter, or trimeter Iambics. The number of lines, from two to ten, or more. There is no necessity that the thought should be original, or that there should be any point. A point, however, is rather more common in the Latin than the Greek. If you can tell any witty story from the "*Encyclopædia of Wit*," the "*Tickler*," &c., in a lively manner, and so as to apply it even remotely to the subject, it will have a fair chance. You must accent your Greek epigram. If the time these will employ were wasted, it would be no great loss—it will be by no means wasted.

The name of an unsuccessful candidate is not

known, even to those who examine his compositions. They must be sent in before the end of May.

Write to me and tell me how you are all going on, how the new *élève* suits you, &c.

As it is now vacation time, I have some leisure. Next term I shall have six or seven pupils, I am not sure which. I console myself with reflecting that the term is a short one, and that I am labouring truly to get mine own living, &c. Otherwise teaching is very disagreeable; but few are fortunate enough to be paid for doing agreeable things.

Have you seen anything of the Millers, the Leathleys, &c.?

Yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

Cambridge, April 10, 1811.

Epigram Subject.—He who knows when to speak will obtain what is good. He who knows when to be silent will avoid evil. He, therefore, who possesses both, &c.

This style is better for a Greek than Latin :
A false quantity is unpardonable.

To his Brother.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

I send you the book which you desire. I am not sure, however, that you will find in it anything to your purpose. I send, too, a Macrobius, in the end of which I have made a reference to a story in it, which contains an example both of *σνγη καιριος* and *λογος ωφελιμος*. Besides these, you will receive the poems which gained the prizes a few years ago. The Latin epigram is reckoned very good; the Greek not so good. You will observe that there is not much point in either; the subject of the Latin is "Strenua inertia"; of the Greek, "*ἀρχη ἡμῶν παντος*."

The epigrams, you see, are not very nearly connected with them. Though you have but one subject, your epigrams must not contain the same thought. I will tell you (for it is

perfectly fair) two or three subjects which may, perhaps, serve to suggest to you something which may be of use:—

Eloquent silence.—The possibility of saying much in a few words and little in many. The loquacity of a woman: it is wonderful how much she talks; but it would be more wonderful if she were silent.

On some occasions, an orator may show his ignorance of his art by speaking, or prove his eloquence by a judicious silence.

A pretended patriot (Marcus, Κλεομβροτος, or any *fancy* name), who boasts that his speeches are unbought: true, but he would be willingly paid for holding his tongue.

It is better to be silent than to speak to those who cannot understand, or will not listen: thus the nightingale is silent during the day, while the grove resounds with the note of every vulgar songster, but reserves herself for the night, when everything is attentive to her strains.

I need not say that it is not to the expression,

but to the thoughts involved in these hints that I would call your attention.

There is no necessity for a close, or indeed for any, imitation of Martial and the *Anthologia*.

A condensed, antithetical, well-turned sentiment, an elegant and striking analogy or illustration, or, in short, any pretty trifle may succeed. The probability of failure is certainly greater than that of success; but you will at least prepare yourself for future trials; and, as you will not reveal to any one your intention of writing, your disappointment will be light, since it will be unembittered by the exultation of rivals, or the pity of friends. You must take care of the Martial, which accompanies this; it is not mine.

Give my love to my father and mother, and write to me soon.

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. M.

Cambridge, April 26, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 P.M.

To his Brother.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

Your epigrams appear to me to require and to deserve some correction. The two first lines of the Latin are good; to the third I have no objection. The fourth I think harsh in its construction; it would be better to supply its place by a line or more, recommending the imitation of the nightingale. *Luscinia* is not so poetical a word as *Philomela*. The fifth is good; in the sixth, *totâ* is used as an Iambic contrary to authority—"Et penitus totâ," &c.; "*integram cantûs*"—a very good expression; with the seventh I find no fault, except perhaps the "jam" may have too much resemblance to an expletive.

In the Greek epigram the *ωs* at the end of the first, and at the beginning of the second line seem too near together; the second is liable to objection from the jingle of which you have taken notice. Your marginal reading makes *μυσθον* a spondee, though a vowel follows.

Do you not think that the use of *σν* is improper as it is not emphatic? In Latin it would be wrong to say, "tu Da stipendiam."

Is the use of the plural *Κερδεων* authorized? I do not say that it is not, nor know that it is. Perhaps it would be an improvement to the last line, if *ἐγώ* were contrasted with *σν*, if this could 'be done without injuring the rhythm. The fourth and sixth line of the Latin and the second of the Greek are those to which alteration is most necessary.

If you have not a Gradus, borrow one, unless you meet with a tolerable second-hand copy; you will find it useful, not only for quantities, but for suggesting topics and supplying epithets and phrases. As I can easily get an old one here, it will not be worth your while to buy a new one. You will have three more opportunities of trying for the epigrams during your under-graduateship, so that you need not, anyhow, say as the crow did, *Ergo omnis opera atque impensa perit.*

If you like to make another pair of epigrams

you will have a double chance; the man who got the prize last year sent in three pairs; but do not wait till you have made them to send me these when you have corrected them, that I may see if they still require the emery of emendation. Beware of false quantities, which are not less fatal to an epigram than a mistake of ζj for $3j$ would be to a prescription, or perhaps to a patient.

The rest torn off.

To his Brother.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

I do not see that the Greek requires any further alteration. "Cernis ut," &c., is, I believe, too great a liberty, and, "luce" I like better than "sole." I agree with you in thinking this line, "Cernis ut," &c., not very happy; but if you do not see any way of mending it, it must take its chance.

I think you had better write a second Latin as a companion for your second Greek, as the

"ut solitum," &c., I fear, will hardly do. "Novis" is not good.

The epigrams must be sent in on or before May 20th, and, as I shall return on that day, I shall be just in time.

Be so good as to put the packet to Dicey into the 3d. post immediately.

Yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

One o'clock, Thursday morning.

To his Brother.

Cambridge, June 11th, 1811.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

I send you some of the questions proposed at the late examination at this College, and some of an earlier date. The subjects of lectures and examination for next year are—the "Œdipus Tyrannus," the "Menenenus" of Plato, and the "Agricola" of Tacitus. The "Menenenus" I send you with this letter; the others I believe you have. Perhaps, as soon as you have finished the book, whatever it may be, with which you are at present

engaged, it may be as well to read over the "Œdipus" and Menenenus, that you may be able to remark in your future reading anything which refers to them. This will not hinder you from improving in mathematics and in composition. You will be examined for a scholarship before the Midsummer examination, when you will find a general classical knowledge and a little *precocity* of mathematical information of great use.

Tell me what you have been doing. Have you made any of those applications of spherical trigonometry to solid geometry, of which we were talking the last time I saw you? What have you done in the conic sections? Try this problem of Euler, which I intended to propose to you, but think I forgot :

The sum of the squares of the four sides of any quadrilateral figure = the sum of the squares of its diagonals + four times the square of the line joining the middle points of the diagonals.

Does Mr. Cressy stay with you?

Emma was to be at Edmonton about this time. Is she there now?

Give my love to my mother. I believe she has not read Boswell's account of Johnson's tour. I bought it lately, and have been amused by it; and thinking that she might too, have sent it.

Tell me how my father and all of you are. I shall soon have to keep a term, when I hope to stay longer among you than I did last time. I have for some time been disembarassed of my pupils, and have no impediment to my studies but that greatest of all impediments, idleness, from which may heaven preserve you.

I am,

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. M.

From Frederick.

June 14, 1811.

MY DEAR HENRY,

I had written to you the very day I received your letter; but as mine consisted chiefly of questions, which were answered by yours, I must alter it. Mr. and Mrs. Leathley arrived here on Tuesday. Emma is very well, and seems much pleased with her rustication. Mr. L. goes to London after breakfast and returns to dinner at five. We had Mr. Gower to dine here yesterday; he said you had not kept your promise of coming to see him; my mother told him that she and you would *trudge* there and spend a day with him when you came up next. We all hope this will be soon, while Emma is here; I believe she will stay a fortnight, perhaps three weeks.

The Millers are, I believe, by this time on the road to Edinburgh; William is eager to arrive in time for the election for Edin-

burghshire. Mrs. Miller intends that they shall leave Sarah at Halifax with her father, but it requires a better prophet than me to say whether this will be so or not. Mr. Dashwood left Doddington last week; his successor was immediately inducted. Mr. D. has taken a good house at Cheshunt. I had received a letter from Mr. Hudson acquainting me with subjects of the lectures; and am much obliged to you for the books you sent. I wish I could give you a better account of what I had done; but it is a consolation to me that I have not been interrupted only by that worst of impediments which you mention, for I was confined to my bed, or a sofa, for a week, a few days after you left us; and this was occasioned by such an apparent trifle as a boil, for it kept me the whole of that time in pain and restless, unable to do anything but roll about. It often brought to my recollection, "*Non vivere sed valere, est vera vita.*" This irritation, with continually lying down and the

want of exercise, made me very weak; but I am happy to say I am now again restored to my usual state of health. I have read the "Parabola" and "Ellipse;" some of the demonstrations appear obscure, and not easy to remember, from the mixture of the algebraical and geometrical methods, which renders it uncertain how some steps of the demonstrations are to be deduced from the preceding ones. I have tried your problem, but I would not delay writing till I should solve it. I make the sum of the squares of the diagonal = the sum of the squares of the side + the sum of the products of every two adjacent sides into the cosines of the angle contained by those sides, which shows the products into the negative cosines to be always greater than the others; but I have as yet failed in obtaining an expression for the line joining the middle points; you must not suppose from this that I have given it up.

My mother is much obliged to you for the book, which she seems inclined to reserve

to cheer the heavy hours after Emma's departure. My father is very well, and pretty busy; since the time that I was unable to attend to the motions of Mr. Cressy, we find he is very capable of going on without an overseer; so that I have now as much liberty as can be had in an orderly house with a regular family. The young man above mentioned is to be bound on some day within a fortnight, whichever may be found convenient. My mother and Emma desire to be particularly mentioned, as wishing to see you here while the latter stays.

Yours affectionately,

F. MAULE.

P.S.—I had begun a few Alcaics addressed to you during my indisposition, but, as I recovered from it before they had got beyond a beginning, I must complete them in a different tone that you may see them. I opened Boswell's "Journal," and saw some advice given by Johnson about writing quickly and afterwards correcting, instead of aiming im-

mediately at accuracy. What do you say to this? I think it will encourage me to scribble more, but that is perhaps better than needlessly despairing of instantaneous perfection.

From his Mother.

Edmonton, July 11th, 1811.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

I was very glad to hear of your health, though you did not embellish your letter with a pompous account of the great doings you have had. I can easily believe the quietness of Cambridge to suit you better; but you may judge, by the *excessive squeezing* there has been to see the second part of the finery at Carlton House, that every one is not of your way of thinking; it would have been happy for some of them if they had. Emma and Mr. L. left Edmonton the Tuesday after you went. I went up to town with Emma, and stayed in Fludyer Street till Monday last; I left them very well. On Saturday, General and Mrs. Wemyss, a Miss Wemyss, and a Miss

Grey, with Mrs. Collyer and her two sons,
drank tea with Mrs. L. * * *

Your father is in good health and spirits, which we have reason to be thankful for. I had a letter from your aunt Millér, about a week ago, dated *Dunbruck's Hotel*, Edinburgh, written in very good spirits. They were about a week in going down, which was pretty good travelling.

We have not anything very surprising amongst us. Mr. Wallace is gone to the Isle of Wight. They have heard from him; he is quite charmed with it. I hope he will stay as long as he possibly can; it will enable him to bear the fatigues of school-keeping, which must be very great. I cannot boast much of the fineness of my writing, notwithstanding I have not the excuse of rowing on the Cam to make for it; but write *as you will*, I am always glad to hear from you. When in town, I amused myself with reading the "Life of Cowper." I was excessively pleased with it. That Mr. L. has an excellent collection of

books. I could be very well contented with such a library, and having you occasionally about me, in the midst of a wood, if I were never to leave it. Perhaps you will think this no great piece of self-denial; and in good truth, I should have more comfort than in general falls to the lot of mortals. But I must remember Frederick is to add his mite; so I must conclude, with the kind love of your father,

Always yours affectionately,

H. MAULE.

MY DEAR HENRY,

You wish to know whether you can do anything for me. I do not at present want anything particularly; but will thank you, should you think of any books which may be necessary or advantageous to me, to send them (by this I do not mean that I want any more just now than I have by me). I find, as I remember you did, nearly five years ago, the days short.

As my time is now passed in more than academic retirement, as I hear but little and see still less, I have not much news for you. I accidentally discovered that Waddington* was at the Grammar School at Gainsborough, where Cressy was; he went from there to the Charter House two years ago. He is the son of a clergyman at Tuxford. If there was room, I would moralise a little on my unsuccessful attempts, and conclude a defeat to be better than too easy success, as it must have a more beneficial effect by stimulating to greater exertions, &c., &c.

Yours affectionately,
F. MAULE.

To his Brother.

Cambridge, August 11, 1811.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

It is more than a month since I have had a letter from Edmonton. I desire you, there-

* The late Dean of Durham, who gained the prize for the epigrams.

fore, to write to me immediately, giving me an account of all that has happened, or assuring me that nothing has happened worth mentioning.

You must not omit an account of your own progress in your studies, nor forget to mention particularly what you have been doing in Greek, in mathematics, and in composition. I am glad to be able to insure you rooms in College as soon as you begin to reside. In your first term you will occupy those in which you saw me last Christmas, as I am now established for six months in the rooms over the great gateway, which (besides the imaginary recommendation of having been occupied by Newton) are in my opinion some of the pleasantest of the College; they are spacious, airy, unannoyed by neighbours, and lofty. After your first term, I shall, perhaps, be able to put you into rooms on the ground floor.

I am now employed in reading for the fellowship examination, which takes place about the 23rd of September; an employment to which,

I am afraid, I ought to have taken myself earlier. There are three vacancies; two candidates may be considered as certain of success; and though I have some chance of the third fellowship, I have five or six competitors for it.

About a fortnight ago, I went down the Cam to Ely—a mean town, with nothing worthy of notice but the Cathedral, which is very old and very high. It is famous for eels, unfortunately for them.

A young man named Matthews was lately drowned in the Cam. He was a skilful and bold swimmer, but his boldness led him into some weeds, from which his skill could not extricate him. He was an M.A., Fellow of Downing, and had been recently called to the bar. Eminent in all the exercises which require strength and activity, he was distinguished by an habitual defiance of danger and contempt of precaution, which seemed to portend a violent death.

Have you seen or heard anything of the Leathleys? Are the Millers still in Scotland?

But you will answer such questions as these without being asked.

I am, yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

From his Brother Frederick.

MY DEAR HENRY,

The letter* which accompanies this arrived on Saturday, and relates, we suppose, to the same subject with one addressed to my father to-day by Messrs. Dallan & Pugh, 18, Harp Lane, informing that they had paid the duty and expenses on two casks of shrub and one case of sweetmeats, per ship *Mary and Susannah*, from Jamaica. They enclose the accounts of the expenses, which amount to 24*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* on thirty-seven gallons of rum shrub, and 2*l.* 16*s.* on one case of sweetmeats; adding, "D. & P. will feel obliged by Mr. Maule's directions respecting these packages, and if accompanied with a draft, should consider it

From his friend Murphy.

as a further obligation." Imagining that you might like to write and acknowledge the receipt of the above present by the packet which is sent on Wednesday, we take this method of forwarding the letter to you, as that from D. & P. came after four o'clock to-day.

We shall be obliged by your writing immediately about this matter, and you may as well inform us of anything concerning yourself that may have happened since you last wrote.

I went to London on Saturday upon some business of my father's. I called at Mr. Leathley's. They kept me there till this morning; yesterday, we went by water to Putney. I never had been so long a voyage; we found it very pleasant. Emma is quite well, and desired her love to you when I next wrote. Mr. Leathley said there had been a larger importation of French books just now than has come for a long time. In my way home this morning I called at Dulan's, and asked if he had anything new from Paris. He said he had received an immense quantity of mathematical books, but

had not got the list of them yet, which he should have in a few days. If there is anything you want yourself in that line, or that you think I might find useful myself, I believe I shall be in town again some days hence. My mother intends to go on Wednesday to Fludyer Street, and to stay a few days. The day after I last wrote, she had a letter from Mrs. Miller, dated from *Dunbruck's Hotel*, Edinburgh. They were very well, and had been visiting their friends, and living in a state of perpetual bustle for them. They talk as if they should be coming southward before long, and desired to be particularly remembered to you. My mother is sitting beside me, and desires me to charge you in her name to take care of yourself, and avoid perils by land and by water.

It is past eleven, and my companion is importunate for the finishing of my letter, that she may see the parcel done up.

Yours affectionately,

Sept. 2nd.

F. MAULE.

To his Brother.

Cambridge, Sept. 9th, '1811.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

As soon as I had received your letter, I went to the *Sun*, and found the parcel. They had sent it to the old rooms, and not finding me had taken it back. Murphy says: "I have taken the liberty of sending by the *Ann and Susannah*, or *Mary and Susannah*—Captain King—two casks of Verd wine, one for your father, and the other for your aunt, and a box of preserves, which will themselves point out their destination. You will make my best respects to both, and request their acceptance. The wine cannot be drunk till it is perfectly clear, but they must not be alarmed at the present appearance of it. The worse it appears on arrival, the better it is likely to become. I will not warrant its being liked; but in this hot country it is esteemed a very pleasant wine, and, when mixed with water, a very pleasant beverage." So far on the subject of his presents,

which I sincerely wish in Jamaica—I regret that I never requested him to send no more. What he means by Verd wine I know not. It may possibly be a name for shrub. One cask, you see, must be forwarded to Mrs. Thompson, who, of course, will pay her proportion of the expense. That she may have no reason to complain, I would send her the larger—if the other will fetch anything, it should be sold. Do you think it would be as well for me or you to write to Mrs. Thompson, informing her of this arrival, and giving her her choice?

M. says at the end of his letter, “You had better see Captain King yourself.” This is, of course, impossible, as it is to acknowledge the receipt of the packages by this packet.

I cannot recollect any book that you are at present in want of from Dulan’s. I have bought one of his last importation a day or two ago, and cannot afford any more. When I go to town, however, I intend to see if there be anything new; for even in mathematics,

which boast an immutable object, the love of novelty adheres to us.

You will easily believe that I am extremely anxious about my fellowship. Thinking of it, and preparing for it, and talking of it, fill up the time of the candidates, of whom three-quarters must be disappointed. If there were four, I think I should get one; but I fear my chance of one out of three is but small. Let my woeful experience warn you against procrastination, a fault much less likely to be committed in the world than in the University, where there is often no particular reason for doing a thing at a particular time. A man of energy begins to-day if he has no good reason for waiting till to-morrow. Is it not fortunate that my paper fails just as I begin to moralise? With love to my father and mother,

I am, yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

The time was now approaching for the fellowship examination, and considerable anxiety

was felt in the family about the result of a matter of so great importance to the one who excited the chief interest among them.

The fears of both parents were relieved by the following letters :—

To his Mother.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Four fellows were this morning elected into Trinity College. It will, I am sure, give you pleasure to hear that I was one of them.

In the course of a week I shall, I hope, see you at Edmonton, and will not now anticipate anything I may have to say to you.

Believe me, yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

Cambridge, Oct. 1st, 1811.

The Tutor of Trinity College to his Father.

Trinity College, Cambridge, Oct. 1st, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

It gives me the greatest happiness to congratulate you on the result of our Annual

Michaelmas Examination. Your son was this morning elected a Fellow of this Society, and has highly distinguished himself in the Examination. It is reasonable to form the strongest hopes, from the series of successes which he has realised in this place, and his excellent conduct, that he will become an eminent and valuable member of society.

It will always be a great satisfaction to me to have numbered him amongst my pupils; and I add my best wishes that he may continue to meet with the success still due to his great merit.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,
Ever very truly your faithful Servant,
J. HUDSON.

From his Mother.

Edmonton, Oct. 2nd.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

You may imagine how we were rejoiced by your welcome letter, accompanied by one

from Mr. Hudson, speaking of you in terms so *highly honourable to you* and so truly gratifying to us, that it made us more happy than I can express; we had scarcely thought of anything but you for several days past; and though I was so very desirous of hearing, yet I dreaded the postman coming.

You have been to us, my dear son, *everything we could wish*, much more than we *could hope*. I am too much delighted to write a long letter. Your father is writing to Mr. Hudson. He is quite delighted with your success. We shall be happy to see you at the time you mention. Frederick has written to Emma by this post. We had a letter from her yesterday expressing her great desire to hear of you. You will find your bed ready-aired, come when you will, and we rejoiced to see it occupied by a Fellow of Trinity.

Your father says I am not writing half so well as I wrote to Emma this morning. I am too well pleased to write with any de-

corum. But you may believe me to be, with great truth,

Your proudly affectionate mother,

H. MAULE.

His mother wrote again the following day.

Edmonton, Oct. 3rd, 1811.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

You will begin to fear I shall be a troublesome correspondent if I take it in my head to write every day; but, fortunately for my friends, writing is not my taste. Now let me say what is the immediate cause of this letter—I think we have not written to you since we have seen John Reid,* who is returned to England. He came to see us a few days after his arrival, inquired much after you, said he was indebted to you a great deal, and longed to see you. He appeared to recollect the Isle of Wight with great pleasure. He was all night with us the second day of the fair. His father had commissioned him to

* The late Sir John Rae Reid, Bart.

prevail on your father, and myself, and Frederick to go to Ewell on the Saturday following; but your father could not very well go, therefore, I declined it for that time. He said they would take no denial when you came, so I promised we would go then. But yesterday we received a note from him by his father and mother's desire, wishing us all to go to Ewell on the 25th of this month, it being his father's birthday, and they wishing to keep it with great mirth and festivity, and they could do it in no way more agreeably to themselves than by our being there. They had written thus early that we might not be engaged. They had likewise asked the Leathleys. I therefore write to know whether you can be there on that day? You know Frederick cannot; your father thinks he cannot; neither can the Leathleys; nor Mr. and Mrs. Wallace: therefore, except you can, out of all those people, only myself can go. Write to me by return of post because I think it necessary to let them know soon, that they

may supply the deficiency by others of their friends.

The more I think, my dear Henry, of your great success, the more thankful I am to the Giver of all good, for having blessed *us* with such a son. You have made to yourself an honourable name in the very early part of your life, not that merely which attracts the public attention, but your excellent conduct in private life. That the Almighty may still continue to bless you, and lead you in safety through all the trying paths of life, is the fervent wish of your ever

Affectionate mother,

H. MAULE.

From his Mother.

Edmonton, Nov. 4th, 1811.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

It gave me great pleasure on my return from Ewell to find a letter from you, and to hear that you and Henry were well; which, thank God, we are at present.

* * * *

I went down with Mr. Reid on the Friday, and stayed till the Wednesday, when he brought me up.

* * * *

Your friend John acquitted himself very well in assisting to do the honors of the house, in which likewise his mother and sisters appeared to great advantage; they all regretted you were not there, but hoped they should see Henry the first opportunity he could have.

I find a great loss of you, my dear Frederick, but am consoled in thinking it will be for your great gain. Mr. Reid was talking about you to me, and said if you had continued in the medical line, if agreeable to you, he would have sent you out as a Surgeon to a Regiment, which was one of the best ways of going out, being a certainty of a handsome provision—which I trust, my dear Frederick, you will have without the hazard of such a voyage, a *little*, honourably gained, will satisfy you;

but Mr. Reid is always kind and affectionate in his inquiries after our family. When John mentions your brother, he mostly says "He is a good fellow," or "A clever fellow." I never saw a young man more improved than he is. If I do not come to a conclusion, your father will say I have left him no room. *One* of you must write soon, and tell me how you are going on. Everything is interesting to us in which you *two* are concerned.

Believe me always, my dear Sons,

Your affectionate mother,

H. MAULE.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

I assure you, I accord in your mother's sentiments of gratification on receiving your kind letter. It gives me great pleasure to find that you appear so much satisfied with your new situation. It is a great happiness to have so much time at his own disposal, for one who knows how, and who is inclined, to use it well, which I trust is the case with you; I am more

rejoiced every day that you are rescued from the trammels of a medical life.

We have had a great bustle at the next door. Caroline's pug dog is supposed to have gone mad, and has bitten her on her upper lip. I wished to apply the potassa, but she would not permit me.

Mrs. Bott took a chaise and went post to Puckeridge for the farrier remedy, which Caroline is to take for three mornings, I have some hopes that the dog was not mad, but some other way disordered.

Mrs. Ray's and Mrs. Wood's parties were both very gay; and the assembly a pretty good one.

Give my love to W. H., and believe me,

Your sincerely affectionate father,

H. MAULE.

From Mr. Duckworth.

Manchester, Oct. 9th, 1811.

DEAR MAULE,

I thank you very sincerely for your agreeable letter, which could have afforded me

higher gratification only by announcing your intention of tasting the Lancashire air. Next year, however, I hope you will so arrange your plans, as to spend a few weeks with me, at the close of the vacation, and we will return to town together. In the meantime, I congratulate you, not on your success, for that was certain; but on the termination of your academical labours, and of your trifling, yet unavoidable private anxieties. This I should and would have done sooner, but have been, without intermission, occupied with agreeable company. My friends in this part of the world have been completely successful in their wishes to make home agreeable, and I am afraid that London and the Law will have lost much of their attraction and former power to please; I must, however, very soon return and try them.

Barnaby is right in his character of Arnold. I have seen several Leicester people, and the opinion is uniform. He is as pleasant and as lounging as ever. The report of the match

between him and the fair Quaker is over, and I cannot believe him serious in his intention of residing at the Temple the ensuing term.

Brandreth's success has afforded exquisite satisfaction to his friends here. He seems to have been quite delirious with joy at Carter's election. This I heard from his cousin. The next three weeks of his life will, I am sure, be such as to afford him complete happiness. He was to go with Carter, first to Thornes House, then to Bolton, and thence to Liverpool. The fatted calf is a joke to it. All this, I suppose, is doing for you at Edmonton, and I hope you enjoy it free from the indifference of stoicism. If you are in town on or after the 30th, give me a call at No. 2 Store-street, Gower-street. I have used Bevan scurvily. He wrote to me just before I left London to purchase some books for him; I did so, but did not write to inform him of my proceedings. I hope, however, from the pig-tail of his bookseller, that he was an exact man, and that Bevan has received them safe. By-the-bye, I must trouble

you with a commission. Can you borrow or purchase at a moderate price (rather vague) that is to say, not exceeding 2*l.* or 3*l.*, "*L'Hydro-dynamique*," de Monsieur l'Abbé Bossut, and the "*Examen Maritime*" of Don Juan, translated into French by L'Evesque? They are for Ewart, who is now beginning to print, and more sanguine than ever. Whether you can or not, drop me a line to satisfy him that I have performed my promise. Don't refer to Gregory for extracts, but say yes or no about the books themselves.

Can I do any thing for you? Shall I purchase you sixpennyworth of calicos or muslins? It will throw the town into ecstasies, and if you can afford to lie out of your money till times come round, will make your fortune. It is somewhat strange that giving you trouble is the only way I take to inform you that I am

Yours very affectionately,

S. DUCKWORTH.

The friendly wish expressed at the com-

mencement of the foregoing letter, of receiving a visit from his friend during the succeeding autumn, was carried into effect. He was then enabled fully to understand the success of Mr. Duckworth's friends in making home agreeable. On his return to Edmonton, he described to his mother in ecstasies the charms of his hosts and the enjoyments of his visit, which was always remembered as one of the brightest and happiest eras in his life.

To a Cousin.

Cambridge, Nov. 3rd, 1811.

MY DEAR ELLEN,

It is with the greatest pleasure that I seize the opportunity which your letter affords me of corresponding with you; I assure you, I have often regretted that I did not enjoy even the distant intercourse of letters with one, who, in spite of time and distance, has never been long absent from my thoughts. I frequently recall to my imagination the happy days and hours which we have spent in former times

together; and sometimes anticipate the pleasure, which I should receive if the accidents of fortune should again bring us near to one another. A variety of causes, but principally very numerous and confining affairs at this place, have prevented me from executing the design, which I have long entertained, of making an excursion to Kimbolton. I am now more than ever confirmed in my resolution of paying my respects on the earliest opportunity to my aunt and my uncle, to whom I shall be very happy to be introduced. Your accident was indeed a terrible one, it is well that its consequences were not much worse; I had not heard of it before. Mrs. Burnham's illness I had been informed of; I am glad to find that her Warwickshire journey has been of some service to her. I have no hair-breadth escapes of my own to tell you of. My time has passed since I saw you, which I think is about two years, busily, but not unpleasantly.

Last summer I was at Cambridge, and the summer before at the Isle of Wight, when a

great part of my time was occupied by some pupils, an employment which heightened by its contrast the pleasure which I derived from the vicinity of the sea, the softness of the climate, and the beauties of the country. How do you live at Kimbolton? Is your society confined to your domestic circle? Or have you any neighbours to associate with? These and any others which concern you, will be interesting topics, whenever you are inclined to write to

Yours very affectionately,
W. H. MAULE.

To a Cousin.

Cambridge, Dec. 18th, 1811.

MY DEAR ELLEN,

Though I hoped when I received your last letter to be able to assist at the celebration of your friend's birthday, I now find that I must consider my projected excursion to Huntingdonshire among those schemes which I am unwilling to relinquish, but for the

execution of which I cannot fix a particular time. Let me now answer some of the inquiries which you have made. The last time we heard of Alfred, he had just recovered from a severe illness, but was then in *good* health. He was somewhere in the interior of India and was still a lieutenant.

* * * * *

I saw Joseph* some time ago, when I called on his mistress, with whom I have some acquaintance; he has been several years in the place, and seems to like it very well.

The uniform life which you tell me you lead at Kimbolton is not peculiar to that place. It is much the same at Cambridge and elsewhere—perhaps if we live long enough, the time will come when we shall cease to be surprised at anything, but look on events, which will strike the inexperienced with astonishment, with the indifference with which we see sunshine in July and frost in January.

* His uncle's old servant.

In the scarcity of men, indeed, we are far from resembling you, our want is of an opposite description; perhaps it would be a good plan to establish an exchange between the two places for mutual accommodation.

I remain,

Yours very affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

From his Mother.

Edmonton, Dec. 31st, 1811.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

I should have written to you before now if I had not been in daily expectation of hearing from you to say when we should have the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you are both well. The weather is extremely cold, but fine for walking. I trust you take a long walk every day, and then enjoy a good fire and your books, enjoyments I prize very much myself. We have been so much alarmed with the horrid murders which have been committed in Ratcliffe Highway, that we have got a watchman,

and are very much upon the alert every night ! I hope you take great care of yourselves ; look round your rooms every night to see no one is locked in. On Christmas Day your father went, for the first time, to Doughty Street, where we had the pleasure of finding our dear Emma very well.

* * * * *

We are going on here much as usual ; thank God, your father keeps very well, and the horse keeps on his feet, which is a good thing, for the roads are terribly slippery. I mostly get a walk every day—there is nothing like air and exercise for health. About ten days ago, I walked up to town and stayed a night with Emma, and was not at all tired. My sister and her son are not yet returned, but I should think they must have left Devonshire. I expect a letter every day to inform me where they are. You must write soon, and let us know how you are going on, and that we shall soon see you. Mr. Wallace and his family are well. On New Year's-day we are to dine with Mr.

and Mrs. Wood. Your father joins with me in wishing you and our dear Frederick all the good which the blessing of a kind Providence can bestow upon you, and that we may all be truly thankful for the blessings we have received.

Jan. 2nd.

I did not finish my letter, as I intended, on Tuesday—perhaps your father will write a line or two; so I will leave him a little room. With kind love to my dear Frederick, believe me,

Your truly affectionate mother,

H. MAULE.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

Your good mother has been so copious, that little remains for me to say; but be assured that I heartily unite in her good wishes for the happiness both of you and our dear Frederick; and our good wishes are due to you both, not only from affection, but from justice, as you are considered by both of us as the great sources of our own happiness, which

that you may continue to be is the ardent
prayer of

Your truly affectionate father,

H. MAULE.

To his Brother.

43, Doughty Street, Feb. 1st, 1812.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

I intend to return to Cambridge on Tuesday, February 4, and I will thank you to communicate this intention to my bedmaker and Gyp; and tell them to get me some dinner in my room at four o'clock—a roasted fowl will do.

My bed should be brought down and aired, as well as the sheets. For this purpose, the fire should be lighted in good time.

I am now keeping my term. Sunday is the last day of dining in hall. All here are pretty well.

* * * * *

My father and mother were in good health when I last saw them. I saw Monk for a moment in the street. I am glad to find, from

what Hudson says of your going into his rooms, that he considers those you are in not as mine, but as yours. I have seen Jordan at Lincoln's Inn; he talks of rum, turtle, claret, &c., &c., as usual. Emma says she will write a bit, which, for your sake, I am very glad of.

Ever yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

Edmonton, March 11th, 1812.

MY DEAR SONS,

I have long been reproaching myself for postponing writing to you, and now sit down to do away that reproach. I hope you will not follow my example in deferring your answer a long while, as we much wish to hear that you are going on comfortably and are well. I have been pretty busy lately, without any distressful hurry.

* * * * *

Mr. Miller and son came upon us suddenly about ten days ago, and stayed about two hours. They appeared both very well; I thought William's health much improved since

he had been here before, so that I hope he will soon grow stout.

Frederick will have been, indeed has already been, longer from home than ever he was before, and we anticipate much the pleasure of seeing him. I have been consulting (not superstitiously) "Moore's Almanac," to see when we may expect Henry, and, as near as I can discover, it will be the last week in April.

* * * * *

Your mother desires me to ask if either wants anything she can procure for you, as tea or the like. Your mother unites in sincere love to you both with

Your very affectionate father,

HENRY MAULE.

From the Tutor of Trinity.

Trinity College, Cambridge, April 9th, 1812.

DEAR SIR,

I have great happiness in congratulating you on the success of your second son under my care.

He was this morning elected "Scholar" of the College; and, after announcing this result, it is unnecessary to add that he has acquired eminent credit from his examination. He promises fair to tread in the steps of his brother.

Ever, dear sir,

Your most faithful servant,

G. HUDSON.

To Frederick from his Father.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

Mr. Hudson's information of your having obtained a Scholarship afforded me exquisite gratification; indeed the whole of your conduct, and that of your brother, is to me a continual source of complacency, tending greatly to alleviate the little troubles of my own situation, which the consideration of your joint merit disperses as the approach of sunshine dispels the fogs of the atmosphere. Your good mother, no doubt, unites with me in these heart-cheering sentiments. She is now in town, but I am expecting her to-day. I have, how-

ever, written to her that your sister may have the opportunity of sympathising with us on your honourable achievements.

Present our kind love to Wm. Henry.

Your affectionate father,

H. MAULE.

April 11th, 1812.

To his Sister.

MY DEAR EMMA,

My term-keeping time will be next week, when, if you and Mr. Leathley will extend to me the hospitality which I have so often experienced, I will pass five days with you. As it is term time here, I mean to go to London on Wednesday, April 29th, and dine at Lincoln's Inn that day, and return on Monday.

It is two or three weeks since I heard from Edmonton.

* * * * *

Were you not surprised to hear from Alfred? His five years' silence is a confirmation of their opinion who believe that Pythagoras imported his doctrines from India; though I never be-

fore remarked in Alfred a very obstinate adherence to any system of philosophy.

Frederick and I are engaged in our old pursuits; he is preparing for an examination at Midsummer, that is, three weeks hence. He did very well at the scholarship examination, and succeeded better than he had expected. His success has raised his spirits, and, I do think, improved his health. I make him walk every day, which is of great use to him.

I hope this fine weather has induced you to take a little more of the open air than formerly. The little boy, too, since his vaccination, may venture boldly into the world.

Would you believe it? I have been appointed to an office under Government—Assessor of the College—a situation of which the trouble amounts to several hours' employment, and the profit to nothing. This latter particular, perhaps, is the reason of my not forgetting my old friends, and being still

Most affectionately yours,

W. H. MAULE.

Frederick desires, with me, to be kindly remembered to Mr. Leathley. You will get this on Monday. If it should be anyhow inconvenient to you to give me a bed, write to me by return of post, and I shall get it before I leave Cambridge.

Cambridge, April 26, 1812.

To his Brother.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

For the tea you will receive with this, you are indebted to our mother's care, who thought me slow in fulfilling the promise I had made of sending it.

Before you get this letter, I suppose I shall have one from you, giving me an account of the result of the examination. A person who came by the Telegraph to-day, brought me a fragment of the brackets. Jordan, I see, has no chance of being higher than second; Monk, I hope, may be a tolerable Wrangler. If he seems pleased with his degree, make my congratulations to him, and tell him it is more

than so idle a fellow deserves. But, I have no doubt, you would rather have a little Edmon-ton news, than hear more of things about which you have been hearing these three weeks. We are all well, thank God! I hope you are—as you probably will be, if you follow my ex-ample in taking exercise. I have walked this evening nearly to the three mile-stone.

I told you, in my last letter, I had just re-turned from Emma's; I am going there again to-morrow. A few of the set, Spankie, Camp-bell, &c., are to dine there. I hope to see Mrs. Miller and Son, who have taken 25, Hollis Street. William is rather unwell—quite a hot-house plant. As I must leave a little for my mother, I dare say you will thank me for saying, in as little room as possible, that I am

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

To his Brother.

Doughty Street, half-past 3, Wednesday.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

At the other end of this sheet, I have sent you my observations on your declamation. I like it, but think you will much improve it by patiently revising it. The remarks which I have made on it, were written the instant your letter reached me. I am going to read the declamation and your letter in Doughty Street.

I had this morning finished a letter to you, which I send with this. You will see I had anticipated most of your inquiries, as you had some of mine.

I am glad you are in the Analytical Society. Remember me to your brother analysts, Babbage, Slegg, &c., and to Beckett, Musgrove, &c. I shall soon, probably, have an opportunity of seeing Colburn, the arithmetical phenomenon; ask Babbage if he can suggest any questions to ask him. Write when you have declaimed, and tell me anything the tutors or any one may have said to or of you, if you

should hear. Let Duckworth's things be sent on Saturday, instead of Friday. My mother and Emma send their love, and earnest wishes for your success; they are joined in both by

Yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

The following remarks show how minutely he entered into his brother's studies:—

Read all these remarks before you act on any; they are without arrangement; write after you have declaimed. *Times* repeated in first five lines. "Sublime emotions of," &c., will be better at the end of the sentence. In passage (A) preserve the metaphor, and improve the expression. *Piercing* is not good. Vary, if you can, a little the phrases "arbitrary power, despotism," &c. Amplify by putting in more words, not tautologically, but adding to, without altering, the sentiment. Ex. G. in p. 4. Hampden sustained, or did something for the cause, in other places beside the Senate; when he refused payment of ship-money, when

he stood his trial, in the whole tenor of his private life, &c. The sentence, pp. 4 and 5, ending "ambitious power," will bear enlargement. Make more of Hampden's death in some parts of the declamation; in what battle did he fall? in what precise manner? I think it wants lengthening; and if you can improve the *transitions*, it will be well. Speak it well, and I have great hopes from it. Is there nothing in Hampden's life which you have not spoken of? I don't know that there is. In the last sentence, "However this" is bad; "This, however," will be better. More may be made of the subject of the last sentence but one, and more of the character of Hampden—he was born in a rank which has much to lose; he was no wild theorist, &c.; he did not wish to destroy, but to restore, &c. In the first page, the sentence beginning "During the first fifteen" may be advantageously altered. *Disaffection* and *contention* do not sound well. "Pater patriæ," I think, will not be liked. (B.) What vessel? P. 4, suppose you talk something of sacrificing his

merits to *propitiate*, &c., pursuing this metaphor a little. In p. 4, "And here it may be said," &c., is flat. You may make the transition to "Far be it from me" more gradual and more spirited by stating that he fell in a period of the contest in which the exertions of the Parliamentary party were directed to unexceptionable ends; regret that he died, though gloriously to himself, too soon for his country; for, had he lived, such things would, and such things would not, have happened. Perhaps this may come into the summing up of Hampden's character, which you will give at the end. Write your copy for the Dean well, and so as to give it a handsome appearance; get it perfectly, speak not too quick, speak with animation, but not beyond your voice. In the sentence (p. 5) about honour, consistency, &c., use a semicolon or colon, and not a full stop, after "made," &c.

You will, of course, use your discretion in applying these hints; you will scarcely have time to use all those which do not consist

merely in corrections. Polish indefatigably, be not weary of altering, and write the Dean's copy only just before you deliver it. I do not know whether it is to be given to the Dean before, or after declaiming; if after, the same copy which you give to him will do for you in Chapel. By no means go in without one, and preserve your self-possession, which I know you are well able to do. If it take nearly a quarter of an hour to speak it, the declamation will not be too long.

I have been reading it to my mother and Emma, who extol it highly; it took me nine minutes. In p. 3, "The dead repose of despotism;" I like this much; but could not it be so altered as to obviate the objection (not, perhaps, of much force) that despotism is not the state of a people, but of a sovereign. P. 4, "Active and enterprising officers;" too trite and newspaper-like a phrase. Do not confine your attention to the correction of the passages which I have remarked on. Study the management of your voice. I think the

Dean likes rather a slow speech, provided it be declamatory.

London, Saturday, Nov. 8, 1812.

DEAR RYAN,

If you retain your intention of keeping this term at Lincoln's Inn, you must fill up the enclosed paper with the name, county, &c., of your father; get some member of an Inn of Court to write his name under mine; and write your name under his. You must likewise give me the names of two housekeepers in London, or of one member of Lincoln's Inn, who will be your security in a bond of 200*l*. (I think) that you will pay for your commons, &c., amounting to about six pounds a year. It will also be necessary to procure from Mr. Hudson a certificate of your having kept six terms at Trinity College. When you have sent these things to me, I shall be able to give directions for a bond, which will be ready to be signed by you and your sureties at the Steward's Office in Lincoln's Inn, when you come to London. This will cost about 30*l*.

or 27th, which you can send, with the other papers, to me by the Telegraph. You had better send them, if you can, on Monday; directing them to me, to be called for, at the coach-office. I am not sure of my competency as a surety, or I should be happy to offer myself as yours. The shortest way of keeping the term is to dine in Lincoln's Inn Hall (at half-past four) on the 11th inst., and four following days. Tell me where I shall find you on the 11th, at about four, and I will go with you to the Steward's office, and to the Hall. If you do not intend to come up this term, I will thank you to let me know, by a letter addressed to me, at No. 43, Doughty Street, London. If you wish me to bespeak you a bed at the "Hummums," or to do anything else for you, I shall gladly execute the directions, which you will give me in the letter which you will send with the papers.

When you have added the study of law to your present mathematical, chemical, and metaphysical pursuits, you will never be at a loss

for employment, but may find in variety of occupation that relaxation which minds of less activity] must seek for in idleness or in amusement.

I beg to be remembered to our friends Slegg, Babbage, &c., and am

Very sincerely yours,

W. H. MAULE.

Must have been Feb., 1813.

DEAR RYAN,

The shortest way of keeping the term is to dine at Lincoln's Inn Hall on the 27th inst., and on the four following days.

Although the account of the final result of your senate house examination has most likely reached London before this time, I have not yet heard it. I am very glad to hear the Analytical Society is to make so good a figure on the occasion. I suppose it is only among Trinity men that Peacock is supposed to have a chance of beating Herschel.* I have heard that Bland of St. John's had, during this last

* Herschel was 1st; Peacock, 2nd; Fellows, 3rd.

term expressed his belief that Fellows had some chance of success against Herschel. This does not at all agree with the account you give me.

If I had been at Cambridge, I should have ventured to suggest to those members of the Analytical Society with whom I am acquainted that they should have sent their memoirs, or some of them, to Leybourne, instead of publishing them independently. By that mode of publication they would have obtained a wider circulation for their discoveries than by that which they have adopted, at a much smaller, or rather at no expense; and at the same time they would have conferred on the editor of the "Mathematical Reporter" an important benefit by supplying that deficiency of original essays which is one of the principal causes of the long intervals between the appearance of his numbers. I desire to be remembered to Slegg, Babbage, and others of our friends. Tell Babbage I have not yet duly considered the last letter of his, but that I hope some time to write or talk to him about it.

I am going to-night to Covent Garden, to a new comedy called "The Student of Salamanca," written by a Trinity man. If the rest of the audience be as favourably inclined to the author as I and those who are going with me, he need be under little apprehension of damnation. We are determined to suffer none of the merits of his performance to pass unobserved or unapplauded. We hear in London that wit and humour are rousing themselves at Cambridge from their long sleep, that Georgiads and Johniads are flying abroad, and that the days of Wrangham and Mansel are returning; but why do I talk of wit and epigrams to an analyst, who has no relish for any expressions but algebraical ones, and who thinks nothing beautiful but truth?—a taste which I cannot better comply with than in concluding with a truth which I shall always be happy to demonstrate, that I am

Very sincerely yours,

W. H. MAULE.

16, Store Street, Gower Street, March 26, 1813.

DEAR RYAN,

As I wish to look at Henry's book before I decide between the two furnaces, and as I have not that book in my possession, I shall not perhaps be able to send you the furnace so soon as I should wish and as you may expect. I do not recollect which of the two you mentioned is that which Dr. Henry particularly recommended. I remember only that it was composed of sections of the black lead crucibles used by gold refiners. I will, however, consider their respective merits, and determine as well as I can which of them, the price being taken into consideration, will best suit you. I hope you may receive it about the middle of next week. I am glad chemistry has so able and zealous an apostle at Cambridge as you are, and so promising a proselyte as Herschel.

I send you some rules for the extraction of the roots, of exact cubes, of three figures. They are capable of extension to roots of nine figures. I think they are shorter than any yet

proposed; and the second is, I believe, quite new.

I am, yours very sincerely,

W. H. MAULE.

The first figure of the root in all cases is found as in the common method, by inspection of the number of millions in the cube; the last, by taking l. f. (l. f., last figure) of cube.

(1.) To find l. f. but one when l. f. of cube is 1, 4, 6, or 9, \times (l. f. but one of cube—l. f. but one of cube of l. f. of f. root) by 7. When l. f. of cube is 2, 3, 7, or 8, \times the same quantity by 3, and last fig. of product is required figure; or, when l. f. is even, it is required figure, or that fig. = 5. This ambiguity may, in general, be taken away by considering the sums instead of the period of millions.

(2.) When l. f. is 5, let fourth fig. from right be n , let third fig. be m th in this series 1, 3, 6, 8 (it must be one of them), then l. f. but one, or that fig. — 5 is the $(n - m + 2)$ th in this series, 0, 4, 1, 2, 3, adding 5 to or subtracting it from $n - m + 2$, when $n - m + 2$ is less

than or greater than 5 ; and the l. f. but one is odd or even, as l. f. but one of cube is 7 or 5. There is therefore no ambiguity in this rule.

Ex. Let a cube end in 2875, $n = 2$, $m = 4$,
 $\therefore n - m + 2 = 0$ add 5 and reqd. fig. or that
 $- 5$ is fifth of 0, 4, 1, 2, 3, i.e., it is 3 or 8 \therefore
 it is 3 since cube ends in f. 5.

To his Sister.

Cambridge, April 19, 1813.

MY DEAR EMMA,

I found some difficulty in getting away from London to come to Cambridge, and now I am here, I find this place nearly as difficult to leave as that, and I should perhaps make no effort to overcome my reluctance to quit the spacious, cool rooms, shady walks, and large libraries in which my days are passing with a most agreeable tranquillity, if that tranquillity were not occasionally broken by the reflection that I ought not to be enjoying it. I begin, indeed, to forget that there is such a thing as special pleading. The image of Mr. Bradley's

office fades upon my memory, and if I do not speedily refresh the impression, I am in danger of losing the little that I have learnt in it. You will be very willing, I have no doubt, to contribute to my escape from this situation, and assist me to make a plunge into the stream of business by sending (as soon as you easily can) to my old landlord Craib, to ask him whether his first-floor is vacant, and if it is, to engage it for me from next Friday, 23rd April, at the terms on which I formerly held it. If he asks more, I will not give it. Besides this, I must request you to write to Edmonton, to tell the result of this inquiry, and to tell them that I intend to leave Cambridge by the Telegraph on Thursday; and (if they will afford me food and shelter) to dine and sleep with them.

You have not, I hope, neglected the occasion which the fineness of the season has offered of enjoying a large share of open air. I know few people to whom it does more good than to you, and of all things equally salutary, it is certainly the most pleasant.

The mildness of the weather, if it should continue, will, I hope, remove the remnant of a cough with which Frederick continues to be troubled.

Mr. Leathley has by this time, I hope, forgotten his influenza. I will not, therefore, remind you of an unpleasant circumstance by inquiring about it; it is, indeed, an additional reason against my making this or any other inquiry that you will probably return no answer to this letter. If Craib's lodgings should be disengaged, it may be as well to direct the servant to fetch my goods from Mrs. Miller. Frederick joins with me in kind remembrance of you and Mr. Leathley.

I am, very affectionately, yours,

W. H. MAULE.

16, Store Street, May 6, 1813.

MY DEAR RYAN,

The shortest way of keeping the present term is to dine in hall on the 19th of May and on the four following days. If you should come up to keep it, I will thank you if you

will bring me a great coat, which I carelessly left in my brother's rooms. You see, I have a high opinion of your utility. It is an opinion in which I am confirmed by my own frequent experience, and by the judgment of Slegg, who desires you to go to Mr. Hudson, and request him to give you, for him, the usual certificate of his having kept terms at Cambridge, directed to the Society of the Inner Temple, and to send him this certificate, when you have obtained it, by the post, to No. 17, John Street, Bedford Row. If this were not a determined letter of business, I should, perhaps, give you a description of a dance last night at Slegg's, where you would have been amused to see our young Templar threading the mazes of the dance with the same dexterity which, at Cambridge, conducted him through the intricacies of a problem, and making a transition from Rokeby to the row at the opera, or from Coutt's curricule to the Princess of Wales, with the same ease and fluency which we have formerly seen him display in an invective against geometry, or in

a panegyric on the Petrapolitan. But when I mention the Petrapolitan, I am reminded that I am writing to a man of science, who will not patiently listen to any light topics, and am just in time to avoid the impolite omission of inquiring after your chemical apparatus. Your blow-pipe, I hope, has no difficulty of breathing. I shall be happy to hear that your furnace has no cold fits, and that you take due care not to blow up the college, or fire the Cam.

Remember me to Babbage, &c., and tell my brother I will thank him to inquire for a sponge which I left in Maitland's rooms. I am sorry to hear he is not well, and wish him to write me a particular account of his health, and to compare its present state with its state when I left him.

I am, very sincerely yours,

W. H. MAULE.

PART IV.

THE Maule family had now enjoyed a period of great prosperity ever since the time of Henry's first going up to Cambridge in 1806. *His* conduct and success there left them without a wish.

The only daughter of the house had made a happy and prosperous marriage ; and Frederick, treading in the steps of his brother, continued to add the interest of hope to the solid certainty that had already been attained. They were in the seventh year of a period during which causes of increased contentment and thankfulness had been constantly accumulating. But now, in the very height of their happiness, they were unconsciously approaching the time of greatest gloom and sorrow ; the commencement of which was fore-shadowed

by words of no greater significance than the hope expressed in Henry's last letter to his sister—"That the mildness of the season will remove the remnant of a cough." Little did the brother imagine as he wrote those words in what way it was to be removed on that very day four months.

From the time of Frederick's severe illness in the spring of 1806, he had never been robust; but, while he continued constantly driving out with his father in the open air, his health appeared greatly to improve and gradually to become re-established; his studies being merely pursued as a relaxation. But when it became his duty, as well as his pleasure, to devote himself entirely to them, the more sedentary life tended somewhat to the increase of his natural delicacy—added to which, it was supposed that on his return to Cambridge, after the Christmas vacation, his rooms had not been sufficiently aired. The result, from whatever cause, was a severe cold, which was not thought much of at first; but, after

the date of the foregoing letter, the symptoms became much more serious; and the following month he wrote to inform his mother of his intention to return home:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You may expect the Telegraph to set me down at home to-morrow. On my application for leave to come away, it was not only very readily given, but Mr. Hudson said he highly approved of the step I was going to take, and added that he had been almost upon the point of sending to me to advise me to leave the place as soon as possible. With love to my father.

I am, your affectionate son,

F. MAULE.

Trinity College, May 23rd, 1813.

P.S.—As Henry said you would forward this to him, I may say that my health is as nearly as possible in the same state as when I last wrote to him, except that I do not sleep quite so well as I did.

This was forwarded to Henry, with a few lines from his father :—

DEAR HENRY,

We received F's letter, which he soon followed this morning. He says he feels better for his journey. As I have not yet had time to consider him much, I hope for the best. He says his journey has done him good.

Yours affectionately,

H. MAULE.

Monday, 3 o'clock, in *monstrous* haste.

These hasty lines, written immediately on his son's arrival, came from one most desirous to hold open the door of hope, though it might be but for a moment. When the time came for the consideration that was so anxiously given, there was no excuse for disguising the agonising certainty that was afterwards acknowledged to have been felt at the first meeting.

But young and inexperienced as were some

of those most interested, there were yet moments when the insidious disease seemed to them to relax its grasp, and their spirits were raised hopefully.

Their earnest wish to preserve him was, if possible, increased by his own anxious desire to live ; with a mind full of power and capacity, the new life that had opened upon him was one of a great present enjoyment, as well as of future promise. All of the best of this world seemed spread invitingly before him ; while, with a humility worthy of his character, instead of being elated by the praise he got at the University, he expressed himself rather as humiliated in his ideas of human intellect by being thought much of, and disappointed that he should not have found more superiors.

Temple, July 9, 1813.

DEAR RYAN,

I was indeed surprised to hear you were at Teignmouth when I supposed you in the Highlands ; but I hope that your new plan

will not be less instructive, or less pleasant than the old one. I should have answered your letter sooner, but I was desirous of giving you a later account of Frederick than I then possessed, as I had not seen him for several days. He is indeed extremely ill, unable to move from his room, and scarcely able to walk a step without support, terribly emaciated, and so weak as to speak only in a whisper. We should indeed have no hope of his recovery, if we did not remember that seven years ago he recovered from a similar and equally severe illness.

I went to Cambridge on Monday to take my degree, and returned on Wednesday. I found Gosset and Monk there in about the fifth day of a system of reading, which will not I hope meet with many such interruptions as it had during my stay. I inquired this morning at Cadell & Davies' whether Stewart's book were published, and was told that it was not. I had heard from Hudson that Highan had attained the place which we had antici-

pated for him in the classes; when you see him you must congratulate him for me on this success. Perhaps you may not have heard, and may be glad to hear, that the Greek ode was obtained by Price, of Tr.; and the Latin and Epigrams by Strickland, of Tr.; the Chancellor's medal for English verse by Waddington, Junior, of Trin.; the Senior Bachelor's prizes by Evans, Trin., and Maynard, of Cath. Hall, formerly of Tr. In the Junior Bachelor's year there was only one essay sent in for the prize, which obtained it, by Heath, of King's. The Latin declamation prizes at Trinity were awarded to Price and Golding. The English were not decided. I hope you will write to me whenever you are not disinclined. I intend to stay in London three weeks or a month longer; within that time my direction will be 16, Store St.; afterwards Edmonton. I saw Burgess ten days ago—he is troubled by his knee-pan frequently coming out. With kind regards to Babbage.

I am, very sincerely, yours,

W. H. MAULE.

Henry to his Sister.

MY DEAR EMMA,

Frederick is very weak, but I think not worse, perhaps even a little better. My mother would have written by me, if she had not intended to come to London to-morrow, when she hopes to see you. She means to come in the morning pretty early, having business in the city.

* * * * *

I steal the time from dressing which it takes to write this note.

Yours,

W. H. MAULE.

The only record of the last sad days is preserved in an entry made in a pocket-book by his sister.

Monday, July 12.—I have been staying a fortnight at Edmonton. Frederick is extremely ill, and I do not feel easy to be at a distance.

Monday 19th.—Frederick continues every day getting weaker. I am afraid there is little hope of his recovery.

Monday 26th.—Frederick is a great deal weaker; he cannot sit up at all. I am there all day.

August 1st, 2nd, 3rd.—There is no material alteration in Frederick; he does not sit up, and suffers much. Henry came to take up his abode at home for some time, but goes up to town every morning.

Henry soon stayed entirely at home, poor Frederick continued to decline, suffering with the greatest patience, confinement, weakness, misery; we lost all hopes. Sunday, 15th of August, was the last day he had any rest, or took any thing solid, he enjoyed some roast beef and french beans. His weakness was truly deplorable, and would have affected the most indifferent person; he was reduced to a skeleton, and yet was patient, kind, good.

Oh, Frederick! our loss is indeed great. Ever

will you be remembered with affection and regret, that at so early an age we were deprived of the benefit of thy example. Our grief is selfish, but who would not grieve for the loss of such a brother! May we never forget the impression left on our minds by this awful event. We lost our dear brother on Thursday 19th.

No words of mourning affection were ever more truthful—even those then unborn have learned to reverence his memory with affection, and to mourn his loss as one personal to themselves. What must it then have been to those that actually suffered it!

Though he had not been the one of the family that excited the most interest, that arose partly from qualities that had in reality but the more endeared him. Without the liveliness that, in spite of Henry's excellence, was often tempting him astray, Frederick had never, except for his health, been the cause of a moment's uneasiness. There was no need

for any Betty to take his part, or for his mother to allay the disturbance of his father by assurances that the spirits that would sometimes exhaust themselves in mischief, and the determination that would pursue study regardless of dinner or other family arrangements, were hopeful signs of power and vigour.

Always at home, the companion and friend of his parents, the instructor (unknown to them at the time) of a servant who could not read and write, his obedient, domestic, delightful character was like the verdure that overspreads nature, whose unobtrusive beauty is hardly fully understood, until the repose that it unconsciously diffused is felt by its withdrawal.

The sad event was announced by Henry to his cousin.

Edmonton, August 20, 1813.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Our poor dear Frederick died last night, about nine o'clock. His sufferings for many

days were severe ; but his death, which seemed the immediate effect of extreme weakness, appeared quiet and easy. The remainder of this afflicted family join in kind love to my aunt and you with,

Your very affectionate cousin,

W. H. MAULE.

These few calm lines give little idea of what the writer was suffering. For the first and only time, he was seen in a passion of grief ; and if grief is to be measured by the loss sustained, it could hardly be too great. It was one never to be repaired, and that without doubt was felt by the character through life. But there was not much time allowed to dwell too exclusively on a blessing lost, the family were quickly reminded of the uncertainty of what remained. Only the day after Frederick's death, his mother's arm became suddenly swollen ; it was thought at first it might have been caused by the bite of an insect. But Mr. Maule was not to be deceived as to the alarm-

ing nature of the symptoms, and while his son was yet unburied, took his wife to London to consult Mr. (afterwards Sir Astley) Cooper, who confirmed his worst fears. The thoughts of all the family now centered in the endeavour to preserve her, and as soon as the funeral was over, she was taken by her daughter for a few days to Sevenoaks, where, with a mind habitually impressed with a strong sense of the duty of cheerfulness, and peculiarly alive to the influence of nature, her spirits somewhat revived. On her return home, sea-bathing being recommended, she went to stay with her sister, who was then at Brighton. Before she went, her son wrote the following letter to his cousin :

Edmonton, Sept. 15, 1813.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

My father, I believe, told you that my mother hoped to be with you on Saturday or Monday ; she now finds that Monday will suit her best, and therefore intends to set out on that day. My chief reason, however, for

writing to you now is to tell you some particulars of her health, which I wish you to know, and to which perhaps she might not herself draw all the attention which they require. Whether it were the fatigue and agitation which she has lately suffered I do not know, but something has aroused into a state of very alarming activity, a swelling about the breast and under the arm, which had long remained inactive. Her right arm is swelled, and she sometimes feels sudden shooting pains in it. As these are the common symptoms of an early stage of cancer, we are extremely desirous that everything should be done to remove them, or at least to retard the progress of the disease. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Pearson have been consulted. Mr. Cooper recommended a vegetable diet, abstinence from strong or fermented liquors and resting the arm; Mr. Pearson, warm sea-bathing. He did not interfere with Mr. Cooper's directions respecting diet, and they both advised three leeches every week or ten days. My mother has adhered pretty regularly

to the prescribed diet, from which we had hardly considered fish, which she has eaten now and then as a deviation. As her food is not so strengthening as formerly, we make her eat frequently to prevent faintness, she takes a little basin of bread and milk about twelve or one o'clock, and another at supper.

As she is very averse to giving any trouble, and might perhaps suffer serious injury by altering her proper diet to accommodate you, and as I am extremely desirous that she should persevere in her regimen, if it agree with her, which I understand it hitherto does, I venture to request you and my aunt (for which I am sure I need not apologise) to direct some of that anxiety which I know you will feel for her health towards the particulars which I have mentioned.

As Mr. Pearson seems to expect much from the warm bath, and as this is a remedy quite to her taste, I hope she will use it every other day, unless she finds that weakening. It is, I believe, of importance that she should think as

slightly of her complaint as possible, it is therefore desirable that she should not see this letter, and that her attention should be diverted from it as much as is possible consistently with necessary care. If you should find on inquiry, that eating fish, which she is likely to do at Brighton more frequently than here, is attended by a frequent recurrence of the pain which I have mentioned, it should not be continued. Indeed, I think the frequency of this pain a criterion of the activity of the disease.

My aunt too will perhaps have the goodness to look occasionally at the diseased part, and observe any alteration of its appearance, which should be communicated to my father—this letter, you see, is as much addressed to her as to you. I am sure you will both feel painfully interested in the subject of it.

I am,

Yours very affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

I shall tell my mother that I have written to

you, that she may know how you came to expect her on Monday, &c. But still I wish her not to *see* a letter in which the very formidable name and nature of her disease are mentioned. I shall be glad to hear from you, when you are inclined to write, and happy if I can be useful to you in the book-collecting or any other line. I shall be at Cambridge in October.

Mr. Maule wrote to his daughter :

September 25th.

We have received a letter from your cousin Miller, giving an account of your mother's safe arrival at Brighton, and saying that she found her spirits better. Of course, very little alteration in other respects could be expected in so short a time : we must wait patiently for the effect of the various remedies recommended, which I pray God may be propitious.

Henry and I are quite well. He has been sticking very close to Coke upon Littleton for the last ten days.

His mother wrote from Brighton in October :

My general health and spirits, thank God, are better. My sister and William Henry are very good and kind, they do every thing they think will conduce to my comfort. I have bathed every other day, and find myself always in better spirits the day I have bathed. I rub my arm with the embrocation ; it still continues swelled, but I hope not quite so much. I use it very little, I assure you, and do every thing you could wish me to do, and hope and trust, with the blessing of God, it will succeed.

Edmonton, Dec. 10, 1813, midnight.

MY DEAR EMMA,

My mother's health has not altered since her arrival ; her arm, indeed, is a little more swelled, and she says feels stiff. My father continues to be extremely busy, but I think suffers nothing worse than fatigue from his extraordinary employment.

I wonder Miller had time to call on you

during the Merley sale, and am glad to find that he can eat cold round of beef; if he would forswear thin potations and drink as well as eat like a rational creature, I should have great hopes of him.

There has been an Orange ball at the Angel, on Thursday night. It was given by ten gentlemen of Winchmore Hill and Southgate: fourteen quarts of Birch's soup and jellies innumerable are said to have been swallowed on this occasion, in honour of the successful patriotism of our natural allies.

You know the Miss Monks? Their father died the other day in the chariot of a lady, who was taking him an airing. This was certainly very impolite if it were not involuntary. If nothing of this kind should happen to me, I hope to dine with you on Friday; but I shall most likely take a walk to London before that time and see you.

My mother and I have just now been differing about the character of a certain young man, or rather about a single trait of it. You

shall judge which is right. The young gentleman (the subject of our dispute) is in the habit of repeating, with much apparent fervour, several pieces of religious poetry. Now, my mother admits that he does not feel, and indeed is incapable of feeling, the devotion which he expresses—nay, that he puts on this mask of holiness for the sake of pleasing certain ladies, who are in the habit of pampering him on such occasions with dainties, which he has more relish for, whatever he pretends, than for any spiritual diet. All this my mother allows, and yet will not agree with me in calling him a hypocrite, but professes the utmost regard and kindness for him. I will not tell you his name; indeed he seems ashamed of it himself. I pressed him to tell it me, but could not get an intelligible answer; but he must be a neighbour of yours, as he said he lived in Doughty Street, near the Foundling.* But I will detain you no longer with so odious a

* It was his sister's eldest and at that time only child, just two years old.

subject, you must certainly be convinced that I am in the right. We all send our love to the nursery and the parlour.

I am, very affectionately, yours,
W. H. M.

Edmonton, Dec. 12, 1813.

DEAR BABBAGE,

It is so long since I have met with any mathematical novelty, that I was very agreeably surprised when I received your memoirs. You will easily believe that I have not had time for more than a very hasty consideration of them. They seem to contain many curious and surprising results, original views, and bold and fortunate extensions; there are several parts on which I hope to have an opportunity of talking with you either in London or Cambridge. Am I right in guessing, from the manner in which you mention in your letter your rules for finding the indices of powers of numbers, that you obtained them by induction? They may be investigated in this manner :

Let $p^x = q$, to find x when p and q are given.

$x = \frac{\log q}{\log p}$ (using tabular logs); let $n + 1$ be number of digits in q , in the first figure of q .

$\therefore n + \log m + f = \log q$ when f is less than $\log 2$.

$$\therefore x = \frac{n}{\log p} + \frac{\log m}{\log p} + \frac{f}{\log p} (a). \quad \text{When}$$

$$p = 2, \log p = \frac{3}{10} \text{ nearly } \left(\text{for } 2^{\frac{1}{\log 2}} = 10 \right)$$

$$= \sqrt[3]{1000} \text{ and } 2^{\frac{3}{10}} = \sqrt[3]{1024}$$

$$\begin{aligned} \text{And when } m = 2, \frac{\log m}{\log p} &= 1 \\ &= 4, &= 2 \\ &= 8, &= 3 \end{aligned}$$

which is the reason of adding 1, 2, 3; and it is easy from this investigation to see how far the rules will hold good, which will depend principally on the accuracy of the approximate value assumed for $\log p$. By directing the *next higher* instead of the *next* whole number to be taken when $\frac{10n}{3}$ is not whole, or 0, the

rule will be true until n is at least

$$= \frac{10}{3} - \frac{1}{\text{tabular log } 2} - \frac{1}{n}$$

which is a very high number, and will not require any proviso for the case of $n < 3v + 1$.

I saw Burgess the other day, he was talking of going into a pleader's office, and making a vigorous attack on the law. Tell Ryan that I saw his father the day after I received his last letter; he rejoiced to hear that his son was so well employed.

I am, very sincerely yours,

W. H. MAULE.

Edmonton, Wednesday Night,
Feb. 23, 1813.

MY DEAR EMMA,

Last night you know I intended to go to Edmonton. I was prevented by being at first too early and then too late for the coach. By this I gained four hours of law in the evening, and this morning walked down. I found my mother sitting in her bedroom, in which she had passed the day without eating. She had

taken an opiate last night, which had made her sleep well (the first time for many nights), but had made her sick and unable to take any food. Her arm has continued much swelled, and if not painful, uneasy. I think she is now better than I found her. She has taken for her supper some milk with arrow-root in it, and has been talking with her usual vivacity. Her disease, as it seems to me, is not more threatening in its aspect than hitherto—perhaps something less—unless any ill consequence should follow from a scratch which she gave herself with her nail in dressing, and which now, she says, looks a little red. My father is well, but fatigued with business. I found him just going out to dinner.

* * * * *

You will be surprised that I should write this to you instead of waiting till dinner-time to tell it; but, on comparing the time and place of my date, you will, I dare say, infer that I may fail (as I am much less famous for rapid marches than the Emperor and King) of

being in London to-morrow to dine with you, as I hoped to do at half-past five; and I write to you that this failure, at the only hour to which I am usually punctual, may not surprise you.

If I should not see you before, I will call to give you the latest intelligence from hence on Friday morning.

This letter having no other object,

I remain,

Very affectionately yours,

W. H. M.

16, Store Street, Feb. 7, 1814.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I write this to ask your assistance in an affair of state. I have engaged to speak on Friday, at the Academies, on "The propriety of the Allies refusing to treat with France while Bonaparte remains at the head of the Empire." That I may be able to fulfil this rash engagement, I shall be much obliged to you if you (who, I doubt not, have considered this ques-

tion more, and are much better acquainted with the facts on which its decision depends than I am,) will furnish me with any arguments against making peace with Bonaparte, for that is the side which I shall have to support.

Instead of writing to you, I should have endeavoured to talk with you on this subject; but I am again working in Mr. Bradley's office, where we are very busy, and shall be for some days.

My mother left London on Thursday. Her health seems to have undergone little alteration. She is much plagued by want of sleep, passing about one good night out of three.

You see I am in my old lodgings. I should wish you were in your old house (which is now vacant), if I did not think Camberwell much better for you.

I look for you sometimes at Leigh and Sotheby's, but look in vain.

If you should find it convenient to send me anything for my speech, do not confine

yourself to such arguments as you may think unanswerable—plausible reasons will serve; and do not trouble yourself to state them at length.

I am, with love to my aunt,
Very sincerely yours,
W. H. MAULE.

16, Store Street, May 15, 1814.

MY DEAR EMMA,

It does not appear from the note which you wrote to me on Saturday, that my mother had received one which I wrote on the same day, telling her that I had taken chambers in the Temple, with furniture. Part of this furniture consists of blankets, which I shall not use till I have had them scoured; if I should not be able to effect this before Monday week, when I intend to sleep at my new chambers, if not sooner, I shall want some to supply their place while at the scourers; perhaps you or my mother can accommodate me. I need hardly tell you, that I wish you to bring up to London for

me the money which I shall want for my call, as well as that with which I am to pay for the furniture (about 75*l.*). If it will not encumber you too much, bring me the 12mo. Johnson, which you will find in the nursery at Edmonton. There are some large bookshelves in my chambers, and I must call in the stragglers of my library, that they may not make an appearance absolutely illiterate. I saw the Millers yesterday at Leigh and Sotheby's. They were quite well, and anxiously minute in their inquiries about my mother. Gosset was in the sale room, and joined me in a hearty laugh at our cousin's appearance. When one's attention is called to it, it is quite irresistible: he clothes himself, as Adam and Eve did, to be covered, and since then no one has ever dressed with so little mixture of any other motive. Last night I read Miss Aikin's "*Lorimer*;" I think it would amuse my mother. Do not forget to bring your French dictionary to town—you have a *Molière*—I have heard him recommended as

the best author for the language of polite conversation by a woman whom I think a very competent judge. You should read his "Tartuffe," the most celebrated of his plays, though not the best known in England.

I will endeavour to see you sometime to-morrow.

Yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

Abingdon, Berks, Tuesday, July 19, 1814.

MY DEAR EMMA,

Having for several days made fruitless inquiries at the Post Office, I begin to suspect that you delay writing to me in expectation of hearing from me. I hope you will write soon and frequently. If you wish it, I will be not less frequent in my replies; although a circuit is less favourable to letter-writing than another tour, as we take with us the greater part of what we see, and are occupied in different places in the same manner. One ingredient, indeed, in a good correspondent, I must allow

myself to possess : I certainly do not want leisure, and have little doubt that I shall go through the whole circuit, or as much of it as I shall go through, as a mere spectator ; to this I have little objection. I have much to learn, and if this be not the quickest, it is certainly the safest way of learning it. Perhaps you may not be contented with knowing from my date where I am, but may desire to hear how I got to this place. Void of incident as my journey has been, I have nothing more interesting to tell you, and will therefore inform you that on Saturday, the 10th, at eight in the evening, I left London by the Bristol Mail, in company with Mr. Campbell. I think the most remarkable incident of the journey from London to Bristol took place at its commencement in Piccadilly, where a Frenchman offered some little purses to us for sale, and begged of us in Latin, which he understood readily, and spoke fluently and correctly. The Bristol Mail is the fastest in England ; it performs the whole distance at the rate of eight

miles an hour, stoppages included. We breakfasted at Marlborough, where they have a laudable custom of providing basins of water and towels for the refreshment of the passengers; had a view of Bath, which you know may be seen pretty completely from a mail coach, and arrived at Bristol in time for another mail, which conveyed us to the bank of the Severn. We immediately crossed this river (it is here three miles broad), and then proceeded through a delightful country to Usk, where we arrived at five on Sunday afternoon, with no more fatigue than is felt at five o'clock in whatever way the day has been spent. The sessions were next day. I had two briefs, with which I received three guineas (my first fees); there was nothing to do in one, and very little in the other. On Tuesday we went to Gloucester, through Monmouth and Ross (where the man lived), the whole journey, particularly the last stage, which is on the banks of the Wye, is through a beautiful country. The day was fine, and we enjoyed it extremely.

I find I have been so prolix in my journal that I must defer till my next the remainder of it. The object of this is to induce you to write me an account of my mother and of all of you.

My best love to my mother and father, and the whole family. (Direct Oxford Circuit.)

Yours, most affectionately,

W. H. M.

Oxford, July 24, 1814.

MY DEAR EMMA,

You were quite right in believing that I had received the letter which you sent to Gloucester, though I had forgotten to acknowledge the receipt of it. I have now to thank you for another, dated the 28th inst. I entreat you not to forget to send me frequent and particular accounts of my mother's health.

You desire a continuation of my journey. I left off, I think, between Monmouth and Gloucester. This stage and that which preceded were performed in postchaises, the first in the company of Mr. Campbell, the second in that of the same gentleman and

another. We reached Gloucester in time for dinner; the Severn supplied us with good salmon, though scarcely equal to that which we had eaten at Usk the day before. The business at Gloucester began on Wednesday, the 13th. The first day of the sessions was occupied by a cause which kept us in Court from eleven in the morning to near eleven at night. Campbell led on one side, and was successful; the business ended on Friday morning. On that day I left Gloucester by the mail, and as I had no occasion to be at Abingdon before Monday, I determined to stay a night at Cheltenham and proceed by a coach the next morning to Oxford, which is but six miles from Abingdon. The evening passed pleasantly enough at Cheltenham. I had with me a young barrister, who, like myself, had come to seek his fortune at the Gloucester Sessions. The next day we reached Oxford at twelve o'clock by an early coach. We passed through Witney, where we took up a very communicative little girl, daughter of a blanket weaver.

I talked to her of your friends, John Early and Son, with whose names she was very familiar. We were on the outside. Two inside places were occupied by a Bow Street officer named Matthews, and a Mr. O'Niel, whom he was conveying from Cheltenham to London in consequence of a charge of stabbing with intent to kill, in which he had been accessory, and a lady, who was not to be found, principal. Saturday night and part of Sunday morning I spent at Oxford in the company of a young man on this circuit, who is, I believe, by far the most successful barrister of his standing, which is less than two years. With him I went on Sunday to Abingdon, where I soon procured good lodgings for the assizes, which commenced on Monday and ended on Friday. My lodgings at Gloucester were dirty and disagreeable—at Abingdon everything was neat and even elegant. Indeed, I expected no less from my landlady as soon as I saw her. She is young, and of an agreeable appearance—married to a young man who seems sensible

of her merit. Cowper's Poems, The "Examiner," and some religious books were scattered on their table. I suppose it quite unnecessary to tell you that I have got nothing like a brief since those which I had at Usk. In this I am not at all singular; there are five or six of us who come the circuit for the first time, and who get nothing. Horace Twiss, whose name you may perhaps have heard, is one of these new-comers. He is not an unentertaining man. The vanity of a poet and a wit make him quite dependent on the good opinion of his companions, and therefore very manageable. At Abingdon I enjoyed some delightful walks on the banks of the Thames, and bathed in its waters—an advantage which I have not lost on coming to Oxford. On Thursday was the Assize Ball. Very few of us attended it. From one who did, I learnt that Miss Thayer, whom I remember at the Exhibition, was there. He did not think her handsome. She is thirty, with a strongly marked countenance. The beauty of Berkshire, ac-

cording to my informant, was a Miss Throgmorton. I have very pleasant lodgings at Oxford. In the same house are two others of the circuit, and I think two of the pleasantest. We all three dine together in my room in a style of *elegant frugality*. We go to Worcester on Tuesday. Pray write. Have the Millers been to see you lately. What did they do for Mrs. P.? I hope my father will take some means immediately to relieve himself from the fatigue to which the want of an assistant must subject him. Has anything taken place with Mr. W.? Give my best love to my dear mother and father. You do not mention Minney.*

I was glad to hear all the bullion had arrived safe. Direct as before, to

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. M.

Worcester, July 29 (Friday), 1814.

MY DEAR EMMA,

Your letter of the 27th reached me yester-

* Her little boy, alluded to in a former letter.

day. I am sorry my mother is so ill. Our assizes here finished yesterday; and, as I have no particular motive for going 150 miles round by Stafford and Shrewsbury, I have determined to return to London from hence. I have been prevented by the fullness of the mails from executing this determination yesterday or to-day, but hope to be able to get a place to-morrow. If I should, I shall hope to see you at Edmonton on Sunday. Give my best love to my dear mother and father, and believe me,

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. M.

He returned home to find his mother getting rapidly worse, and after gradually sinking from exhaustion for a fortnight, she died only a few days before the anniversary of her son Frederick's death. This event completed the great misfortune that had commenced with the loss of Frederick; for to a person of warm family affections, yet deficient in the quality called domestic, the breaking up of the home

circle was not a loss to be easily repaired. His father, to whom he was much attached, remained, but he could not alone supply the place of all. Besides, his profession was one that took him out at all hours, and the hospitality naturally offered to a popular and agreeable and now solitary person tended to complete the change in that once happy home.*

Like Frederick, his mother had exercised over him a powerful influence. Of a fine spirited temper, wholly devoid of irritability, she governed with a hand at once so firm and gentle that her power was felt only by the attractions that drew him to her. Handsome in person, charming in manner, excelling in

* Many years after, when amusing his little grand-daughter by the traffic of the Great North Road that passed his house, the sight of the Cambridge coach led him to talk to her of those sad old times. He told her with what a daily pride and delight he had at one time seen the Cambridge Telegraph ; how that after he had been hardly able to bear to look upon it, as recalling with increased pain his two great deprivations ; but that then, reconciled and even happy in his solitude, he again took pleasure in it, as bringing before him with increased vividness all he had possessed.

conversation, she gained all hearts, and none more completely than her son's; while the influence, at first won by these delightful qualities, was confirmed and strengthened by her excellent sense and judgment.

He always retained a strong feeling of a mother's influence. In after life he appeared to think no motive for exertion could be greater than the knowledge of her wishes, and when they had been urged in vain seemed at a loss to suggest any other, and regarded the case as hopeless.

3, Essex Court, Temple, Monday, Aug. 15, 1814.

MY DEAR EMMA,

I believe my father may entertain some doubt as to the place of my mother's funeral. I can feel none that Edmonton Churchyard is the proper place. She herself had formerly preferred Winchmore Hill, but, you know, gave up that preference since Frederick's death. I cannot conceive it possible that Mr. Warren could have any objection on the ground of

religious differences. If he had, he could not I think maintain it.

That part of the family who are buried at Winchmore Hill were in the Society of Quakers at the time of their deaths (I believe). My mother was not a Quaker, and though she frequented their meetings, she occasionally went to the church, and, therefore, could not be interred in the Quakers' burying-ground without particular favour. Besides this, Edmonton is much nearer. These considerations I thought it necessary to state to you, my dear Emma, that you might, if you agree with me, urge them to my father if there should be occasion for them. A leaden coffin will, I think, be proper. God bless you!

W. H. M.

In the present state of the house, I fear it would cause inconvenience if I were to go to Edmonton. Write. Tell me how you both are, and what you would have me to do for you.

Soon after the above was written he was

attacked with serious illness, which confined him to his bed, and disabled him from leaving it to attend his mother's funeral. As soon as it was possible for him to move, he went to Edmonton to be with his father.

Temple, Friday night.

MY DEAR EMMA,

I send this by a special messenger to ask whether you are in town, and how you left my father. I have just seen my medical adviser, who thinks I may venture to Edmonton to-morrow. I hope, therefore (but cannot be confident), that I shall be able to go there, as I know this will be a satisfaction to you; although, ill as I am, I can be of no use, and I fear shall do more harm than good to my father. If you wish to see a poor emaciated devil, come to the Temple as soon after eleven as you can to-morrow. I would stop and call on you on my way to Edmonton, but getting out of and into a carriage will be extremely inconvenient to me. The porter waits for an answer.

I direct this to you or Mr. L., that if he should be at home and you not, he may send me any news of you and my father of later date than yesterday, if he should know any.

Yours affectionately,

W. H. MAULE.

A month later, on the same sheet with a letter from his father he added the following lines to his sister, then travelling towards Edinburgh. The memorable visit to Mr. Duckworth had been ended by a walking tour with his friend to the Lakes, which had made him acquainted with those parts.

My father has told you all the Edmonton news, short as his letter is. You will, however, be glad to hear that his health and spirits are pretty good; he has, luckily, not much to do at present, and is consequently less fatigued by business than might be expected. Farmer Whitbread died the day before yesterday, and Joseph Bevan, King of the Quakers, yesterday.

You will get this at Lancaster, where you see a fine bridge and castle. At Ulverstone you have a chance of getting capital salmon; you must be sure to look for char among the Lakes; Crummock is the most likely lake to get it—the inn is Scale Hill. Do not let people persuade you that Wast Water is not worth seeing; it is one of the best lakes. There is a river which falls into Ullswater at Pooley Bridge, it produces fine trout; you can have them, perhaps, at Penrith, but certainly at Pooley Bridge. At Penrith, coals are very scarce, and they will, perhaps, attempt to starve you—they will pretend the chimney smokes; it is not true. Write to us soon; it will fill up a letter to mention the places which you have seen. Has your face resumed its natural dimensions? I am entirely confined to the house, and almost to the sofa, on which I lie while I write; this will account for the distortion of my writing; but I hope to be able to start for Monmouth and Gloucester in a month. Mr. Wallace calls frequently on my

father. The weather is delightful here, but you must expect some rain in the mountainous country into which you are entering.

W. H. M.

Edmonton, Sept. 17, 1814.

His father wrote on the 1st of October :

“ Henry is something better than when we wrote last; he yesterday paid a visit to his chambers, but came to Edmonton in the evening.”

If the grief for his mother's death was less passionate than that caused by Frederick's, it was not the less enduring. There was no longer the motive there had then been, to endeavour to chase away sad thoughts for the sake of one whose chance of life they might endanger; and the depression his own health had suffered, increased the difficulty of rallying.

At the close of February, 1815, a friend wrote to his sister :

“I almost fear to ask how your brother does ; your father told me a few days back he thought he was not much better. Surely this fine mild weather, if it last, must have a good effect on him. How are his spirits? I hope he who excels in conquering most things will not let his noble spirit sink; it is one proof of a great mind to submit with cheerfulness to that which is unavoidable. Give my kind wishes to him—would they had magical power to accelerate his recovery!”

These lines were written by one of his greatest admirers, whose kind feeling towards him he returned very warmly.

A few years older than himself, he had, while yet a boy, seen, with an admiration that he never forgot, the young beauty in her first bloom, dressed to accompany his mother to the Edmonton Assembly.

In later years he had valued the affection and attention unceasingly bestowed, first on both his parents, and afterwards on the one

remaining—the remembrance of which added greatly to the pleasure with which in the latest days he ever welcomed among his most favoured guests his still beautiful friend and her daughters, one of whom was married from his house.

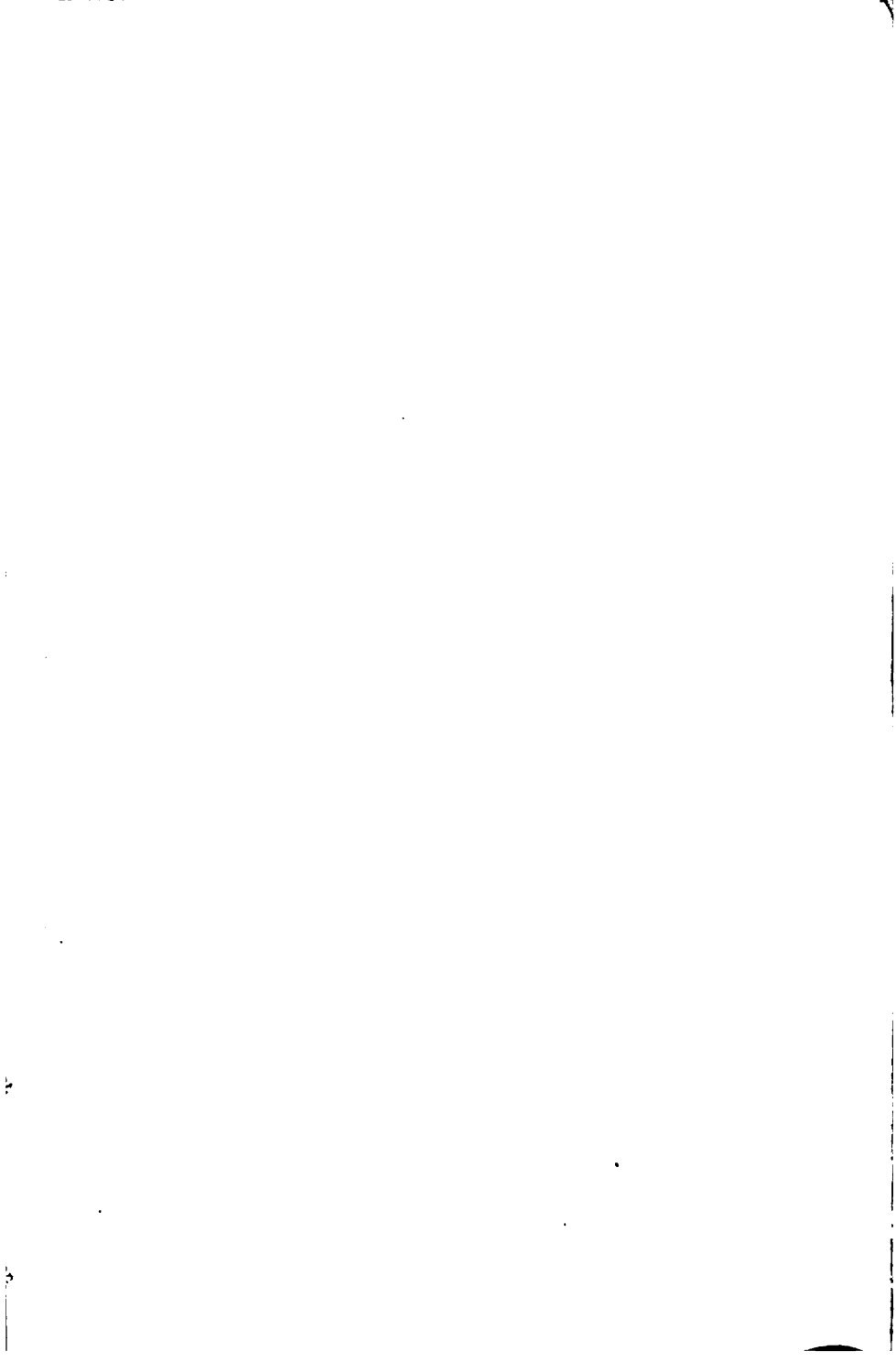
Time, the great consoler, was at last to do its work, in which the remembrance of the happiness he had been to his mother may well have had its comforting and healing influence.

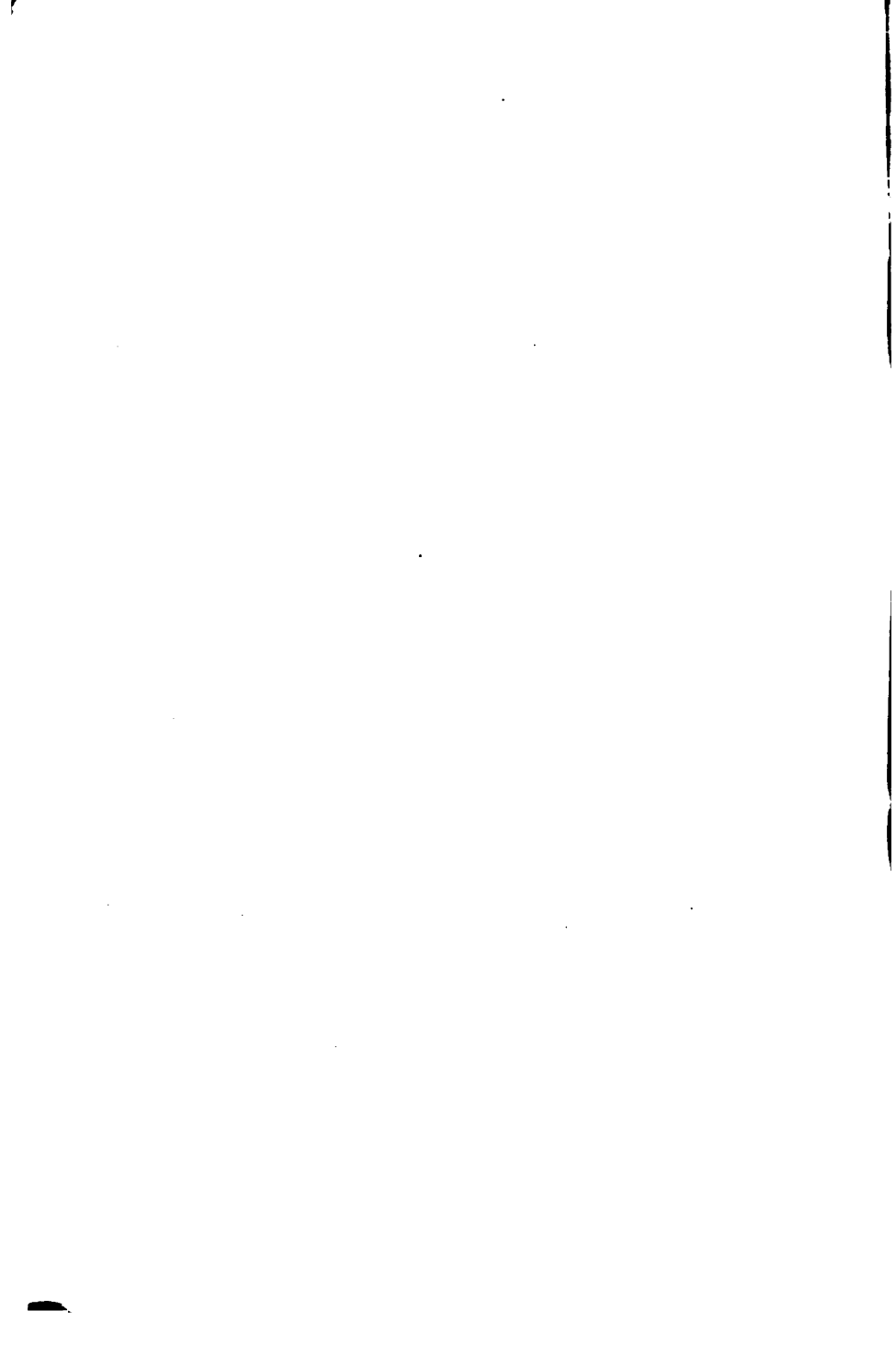
With this accumulated sorrow, the chief interest of his life ended, the dearest that had been given him by nature were withdrawn, and he made for himself no closer tie.

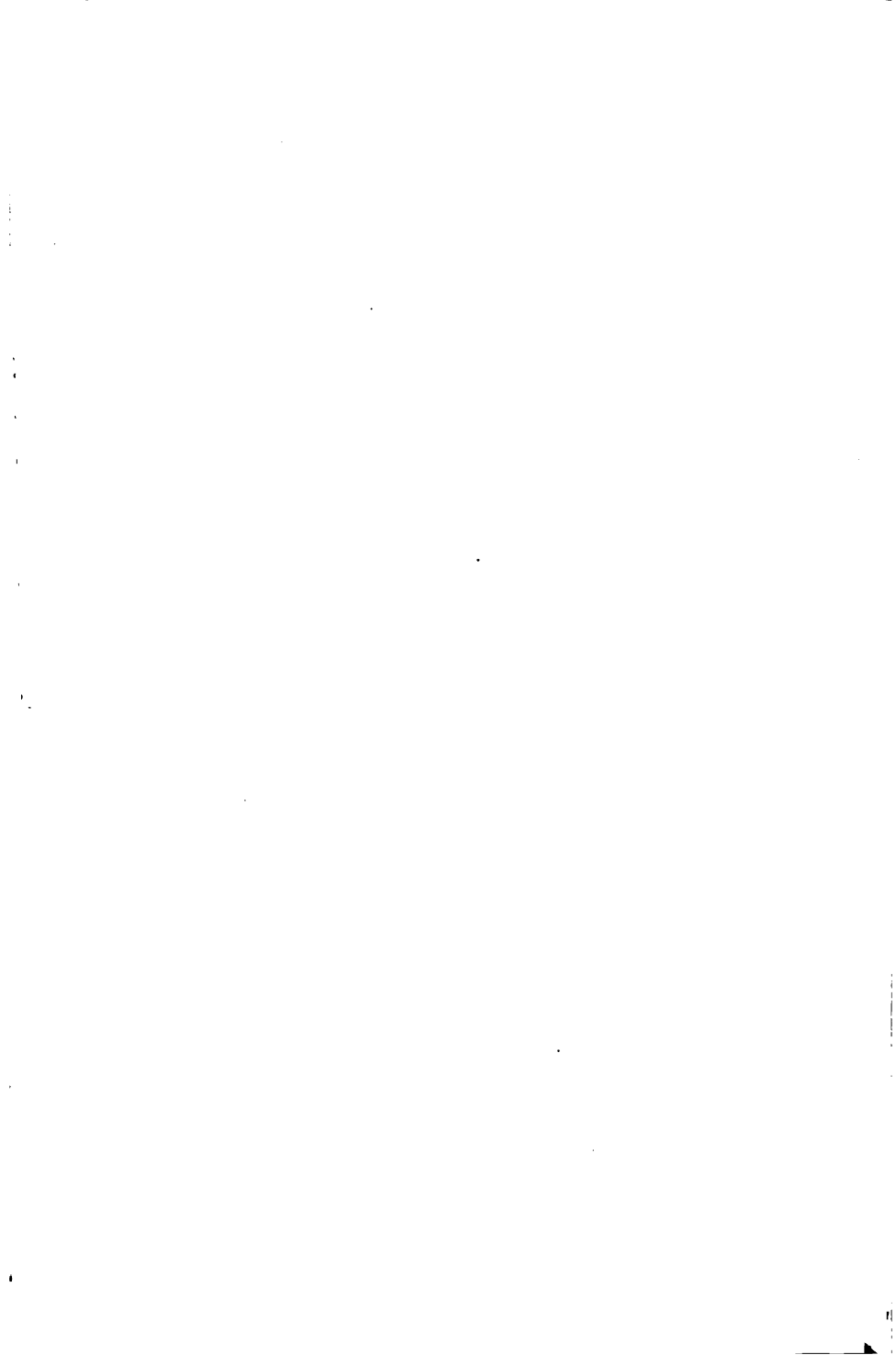
There were henceforth no great joys and sorrows, no wonderful triumphs and successes, or what perhaps may be yet more interesting, no great struggles and anxieties.

THE END.

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